

# THE ECLECTIC.

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## I.

### THE JEWISH CHURCH; ITS HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, AND POETRY.\*

UNIFORM with the author's 'Sinai and Palestine,' and like it in the clear and distinct presentation of sacred sites and scenes, this volume will be received and read with the same pleasant charm with which we turn the pages of that most admirable hand-book, at once to the map of the Holy Land in our studies, and to the routes and ways of the hallowed regions of the whole of the sacred story. Canon Stanley is our most valued guide; for he brings *usually* great accuracy and perfect knowledge of the ground over which we are travelling; but he is also so thoroughly interesting. In his company we so completely realize the spot and its circumstance and historic place; indeed, this is his chief characteristic as a writer. Perhaps the impressions he conveys are rather those of a poet than a historian. Being in the form of lectures, the information is concise. The style our readers, no doubt, well know. It is not burdened with much criticism, but many will prize what they receive from these pages more: there is always a human vision and a human presentation, if not vast critical spoils.

The history commences, of course, with Abraham; and the reader is still able to recognise all the circumstances which gave distinctness to him as a mighty Bedouin Sheykh. The speech, the costume, the manners of that old time, linger still.

'In every aspect, except that which most concerns us, the likeness is complete between the Bedouin chief of the present day, and the

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\* *Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. Part I. Abraham to Samuel.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. With Maps and Plans. London: Murray.

Bedouin chief who came from Chaldaea nearly four thousand years ago. In every aspect but one: and that one contrast is set off in the highest degree by the resemblance of all besides. The more we see the outward conformity of Abraham and his immediate descendants to the godless, grasping, foul-mouthed Arabs of the modern desert, nay even their fellowship in the infirmities of their common state and country, the more we shall recognise the force of the religious faith which has raised them from that low estate to be the heroes and saints of their people, the spiritual fathers of European religion and civilization. The hands are the hands of the Bedouin Esau; but the voice is the voice of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,—the voice which still makes itself heard across deserts and continents and seas; heard wherever there is a conscience to listen, or an imagination to be pleased, or a sense of reverence left amongst mankind.'

Abraham comes before us with considerable distinctness, from the wide-spread influence of his legendary name. In that age of the worship of the heavenly bodies, and the worship of kings, Nimrods, mighty hunters, he heard the call of God, first taught the unity of God, and became the first prophet of a new religion. He first distinctly witnessed, for his own race and country, to pure Theism—the unity of God against all primeval idolatries—the natural religion of the ancient world. He is the father of the faithful. We cannot follow, nor will it be righteous to quote, Dr. Stanley's delineations of the course of Abraham's progress in his migrations; but the following brings before the reader's eye Palestine four thousand years since.

'It is an advantage of visiting a country once civilized but since fallen back into barbarism, that its present aspect more nearly reproduces to us the appearance which it wore to its earliest inhabitants, than had we seen it in the height of its splendour. Delphi and Mycenae, in their modern desolation, are far more like what they were as they burst upon the eyes of the first Grecian settlers, than at the time when they were covered by a mass of temples and palaces. Palestine, in like manner, must exhibit at the present day a picture more nearly resembling the country as it was seen in the days of the Patriarchs, than would have been seen by David, or even by Joshua. Doubtless many of the hills which are now bare were then covered with forest; and the torrent beds which are now dry throughout the year were, at least in the winter, foaming streams. But, as far as we can trust the scanty notices, the land must have been in one important respect much what it is now. It is everywhere intimated that its population was thinly scattered over its broken surface of hill and valley. Here and there a wandering shepherd, as now, must have been driving his sheep over the mountains. The smoke of some worship, now extinct for ages, may have been seen going up from the rough, upright stones, which, like those of Stonehenge or Abury,

in our own country, have survived every form of civilized buildings, and remain to this day standing on the sea-coast plain of Phœnicia. Groups of worshippers must have been gathered from time to time on some of the many mountain heights, or under some of the dark clumps of ilex; "For the Canaanite was then in the land." But the abodes of settled life are described as confined to two spots; one, the oldest city in Palestine, the city of Arba, or the Four Giants, as it was called, in the rich vale of Hebron; the other, "the circle" of the five cities in the vale of the Jordan. These were the earliest representatives of the civilization of Canaan; the Perizzites, or, as they were usually called, "the Hittites," the dwellers in the open villages, who gave their name to the whole country; so much so, that the children of Heth are called "the children of the land," and the land itself was known both on Egyptian and Assyrian monuments as the land of "Heth." Mingled with these, on the mountain tops, as their name implies, were the warlike Amorite chiefs, Mamre and his two brothers. Along the southern coast, and the undulating land called "the south country," between Palestine and the desert, were the ancient predecessors of the Philistines, probably the Avites; not, like their future conquerors, a maritime people of fortified cities, but a pastoral, nomadic race, though under a ruler entitled "king." On the east of the Jordan, round the sanctuary of the Horned Ashtaroth, and southward as far as the Dead Sea, were remnants of the gigantic aboriginal tribes, not yet ejected by the encroachments of Edom, Ammon, or Moab,—the Horites, dwellers in the caves of the distant Petra, the Emim and Zamzummim on the east of the Jordan, and the Rephaim, whose name long lingered in the memory of the later inhabitants, and was used to describe the shades of the world beyond the grave.'

Passing by the patriarchal period, and the period of the bondage in Egypt—through every page of which, however, we have the pleasant and instructive narrative—we come to the age foretold in the promise, the time of Moses and of the Exodus. Throughout his volume the writer aims to bring into prominence and distinctness the leading and representative men, and their place in the progress and development of the nation. The character of Samuel, and his relation to his times, is drawn with great clearness and firmness: Samuel, the representative of the mediæval Church of Judaism; the head, the archon of the prophetic dispensation; the Athanasius of his Church and his times.

'He could still, as he stood before the people at Gilgal, appeal to the unbroken purity of his long eventful life. Whatever might have been the lawless habits of the chiefs of those times,—Hophni, Phinehas, or his own sons,—he had kept aloof from all. "Behold, I am old and grey-headed, and I have walked before you *from my childhood unto this day*. Behold, here I am; witness against me before the



Lord." No ox or ass had he taken from their stalls; no bribe to obtain his judgment,—not even so much as a sandal. It is this appeal, and the universal response of the people, that has caused Grotius to give him the name of the Jewish Aristides. And when the hour of his death came, we are told with a peculiar emphasis of expression, that "*all* the Israelites"—not one portion or fragment only, as might have been expected in that time of division and confusion,—"*were gathered together*" round him who had been the father of all alike, and "*lamented him and buried him;*" not in any sacred spot or secluded sepulchre, but in the midst of the home which he had consecrated only by his own long unblemished career, "*in his house at Ramah.*" We know not with certainty the situation of Ramah. Of Samuel as of Moses it may be said, "*No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.*" But the lofty peak above Gibeon, which has long borne his name, has this feature (in common, to a certain extent, with any high place which can have been the scene of his life and death), that it overlooks the whole of that broad tableland, on which the fortunes of the Jewish monarchy were afterwards unrolled. Its towering eminence, from which the pilgrims first obtained their view of Jerusalem, is no unfit likeness of the solitary grandeur of the Prophet Samuel, living and dying in the very midst and centre of the future glory of his country.

In the same distinct manner rise, at the call of our historian, and pass before us, all the great earlier names—Joshua and Gideon, Samson, Deborah, and Barak—while he has thought and compared till, with great insight and clearness, he sets before his readers very many particulars of the domestic story, the homes and the ways of the people; and we see how soon the people came to realize God in their history and their nation, as well as their ancient patriarchs called of God. Some service is rendered to the cause of Divine truth by the clear setting-forth of the character of the foes of the Israelites—those with whom they were maintaining incessant conflict—the Canaanites, clearly of Phœnician race, worshippers of the cruel and licentious Phœnician deities; their human sacrifices, licentious orgies, and worship of a host of divinities. It is remarkable, indeed, that we find among these people all those features so familiar to us from the painting the bright side of Polytheism in the mythology of Greece. We find enough of its dark side in the cruel, debasing, and nameless sins, which turned the hearts of the prophets of Israel sick, in the worship of Baal, Astarte, and Moloch; the same divinities so leniently and indulgently regarded as Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Hercules, and Adonis. Israel was consecrated to extirpate these.

We have often said that the poetry of Palestine is not epic—there is no exaltation of the individual; no vast Achilles



strides over the plain; no Agamemnon; no Prometheus, that most epical character, although in tragic and dramatic poetry—but the incidents which meet us in the historical narrative, they are altogether epical, and the characters have an epic grandeur which stirs the soul to read. Somebody said to Joanna Bailey, 'Do you call Macaulay's lays poetry?' and she said, 'Yes, if you call the sound of the trumpet music.' So, also, the histories of the Old Testament, they too are poetry, such poetry as there is in the trumpet. They stir and they startle the spirit. Every part of the Old Testament abounds with them. We read them until they lose their wondrous magnificence of tone, even as the wind becomes a common wind, and the rush and the roar of the tempest of the waves a common sound. Are not the stories of the Iliads, and Odysseys, and Eneads, tame compared with these? How much more human is their reading—how much more kindling—while so much nearer to us. What battle-fields are there like those along the passes and the heights of Benjamin? Is it possible to read the story of the battle of Beth-horon without feeling the stir of the times of old? What record might have been given in the book of Jasher, we know not; how far that ancient story might have simplified our conception, we know not; but do we remember, when 'the men of Gibeon sent unto Joshua,' and said, 'Slack not thine hand from thy servants; come up to us quickly, and save us, and help us: for all the kings of the Amorites that dwell in the mountains are gathered together against us,' that immediate response of the warrior when Joshua 'came unto them suddenly, and went up from Gilgal all night'? Prompt captain and commander-in-chief he, with his undaunted host. Did you ever realize that mighty panic, when the shout, the mighty shout of the army of Joshua, rose to the ear of the startled Canaanite? As the sun rose behind him, he climbed the heights at whose foot the kings lay all encamped; and then was given the word, 'not to fear, nor to be dismayed, but to be strong in the Lord, and of good courage, for the Lord had delivered their enemies into their hands.' The Canaanites fled before them, for 'the Lord discomfited them,' 'and slew them with a great slaughter at Gibeon, and chased them along the way that goeth up to Beth-horon.' And then, as they fled, 'the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them'—one of those fearful tempests of the land burst upon the disordered army—and 'they were more which died with hail-stones than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword.' But then comes the last sublime touch of that picture. The day had advanced. On the summit of Beth-horon stood the strong commander. Below

him stretched the green vales of Ajalon; behind him, the mountains of Gibeon. Over those hills stood high the sun. The faint figure of the moon was visible standing over from the sea. Was the enemy to escape? *No.* There He stood, the hand outstretched grasping the spear; and then He spoke, and said in the sight of Israel, 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies.'

What stories of battles! the harp of Deborah, and the hand of Barak. Again the storm of sleet and hail burst over the Canaanites; and the rains descended, and the winds blew, and the flood and the torrent swept them away. What other hero in uninspired story reaches the dimensions of Gideon, the victor over Zebah and Zalmunnah? The shrill blast of those trumpets, the crash of those pitchers! How the tradition stirs us now. One of the most glowing and glorious enchantments of Hebrew poetry is its nationality. The surge of Hebrew song brought on every wave the thought, 'God is with us.' This, in all ages, gave the ecstasy and the passion to their mighty tones of triumph. And how, as they all sang, the thought of the God who called them and sanctified them, gave the roll and the rush of melody. It must be admitted, there have been no other such national lyrics. 'God save the Queen,' and 'Rule Britannia,' awaken thrillings and tinglings of blood and soul; but they are poor affairs compared with the national songs of Judea; and in both the music is far finer than the words. We have never set our national incident to music. We are poor in patriotic songs. Even the French, perhaps, exceed us in this; and 'the Marseillaise' tingles and kindles even more than 'Ye Mariners of England.' The national history was well known, was burnt into the hearts of the people. In a very tame way, we fancy, our history is apprehended. Thus, for instance, the well-known, perhaps the best known, national incident, the destruction of the Armada, the Spanish Armada, the Invincible Armada. How differently has Macaulay recited the story to the way in which we can conceive it recited by some ancient Hebrew in a similar instance. Our poet dwells, indeed, on the mustering of the nation; but the true poem is left unsung. We have the gathering of the people, not the scattering of the foe. There is very much in that projected invasion which reminds us of the invasion of Israel by Sisera; and many of the words of that glorious song of Deborah might well befit our case. It is quite wonderful what a propensity there has been in tyrants, from time immemorial, to reckon their chickens before they were

hatched; as the mother of Sisera sang, 'Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two; to Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needlework, of divers colours of needlework on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil?' We wonder how a Hebrew would have chanted the story of those much misguided asses, the captains and chief governors of that most imperial ass that ever was, Philip II., who had prepared his armada as a gorgeous flotilla, for a very festival of conquest; fitting out his large fleet with soldiers and inquisitors, who were to murder and to havoc the streets of London, and make the sack of Antwerp pale. Alas! they calculated badly. London was all before their anxious eyes. There was velvet, and gold, and baggage, for the triumph; lights and torches for the illumination, *when* London should be sacked. Every captain had received some gift from the prince to make himself brave; and lances so gorgeous—'twas a preparation for a triumph, not for a war. And then came *that* night, and the sob of the storm, and the drip of the mysterious oars, and the devil-ships of Gianibelli, and the flame, and the mist, and the tempest; and so—but we know the rest; only, what would an Israelite have said over such a victory? '*Thou* breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.'

These are the things in a nation's history which make a people look up. These are the foundations of national pride and exultation. It is possible, indeed, that in many a lonely Methodist chapel, in many a far-away village cottage, the sentiment, God for England, is felt just as truly, and perhaps as profoundly, as in the hearts of the ancient Hebrew. But these things have not entered into the texture of our national poetry. We have very little of what may be called national poetry, and what we have does not ring with the grand sentiment of 'God is with us,' the perpetual sentiment of Hebrewism. Does this arise, as some have said, from the fact that Christianity disclaims patriotism? We are disposed in part to admit this; that no land ever has been and ever can be what Palestine was to the Jew; and hence, too, while he had no epic poet, everything in his land became epical, and as we have said and seen, all things of institution and of scenery became greatly representational.

Our history has incidents as glowing and marvellous, but have we the heart of the ancient Hebrew to recite the story? Why, it is in the memory of men living now, and here—and only a few months since we called our readers' attention to it—how Napoleon I. spread his mighty camp along the heights of



Boulogne, where a hundred thousand men waited for the moment when, beneath the leadership of the First Consul, they were to spring on England—those preparations were vast—and fifty thousand men spread along the coast from Brest to Antwerp. ‘Let us be masters of the channel,’ said Napoleon, ‘for six hours, and we are masters of the world.’ Also the master of the French Mint received orders to strike a medal commemorating the conquest—and although the die had to be broken, there are three copies taken; two are in France and one in England—the Emperor crowned with laurel, and the inscription in French, ‘London taken, 1804.’ But there was One sitting in the heavens who laughed: the Lord had them in derision. He spoke unto them in His wrath, and vexed them in His sore displeasure; for, alas, alas! Admiral La Touche Treville, having received orders to put to sea, he alone knowing the destiny of the fleet, fell sick, poor man, and died just then; and there was no head to direct, and no hand to strike, and the thing had to be postponed. But Napoleon, Emperor Napoleon, did not give up: in 1805 he was waiting still in Boulogne! London was not taken, to be sure, in 1804, but it might be in 1805. He climbed the heights again and again, and waited for the junction of the fleets; but he strained his eyes in vain: his admirals blundered, and so that fleet which was to have taken London, while Napoleon supposed it hastening to Brest, was flying to Cadiz, there to meet with Nelson at Trafalgar; and so, in fact, London was not taken. But what would an ancient Hebrew have said? He would have said, ‘As we have *heard*, so have we *seen*:’ ‘God is known in her palaces for a refuge. For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together. They saw it, and so they marvelled; they were troubled, and hasted away.’ ‘We have thought of Thy lovingkindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.’ He would have sung as Deborah sang, ‘So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord: but let them that love *him* be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.’

Geography, we all know, melts and mingles its shades into those of history. What is that unaccountable charm of places? What is that strange law which impels us to visit the scenes of old incident—to re-people with the past all the manifold majesties and tendernesses of nature? How is it, we ask, and almost vainly ask, that nature in herself only becomes significant to us by man? It is everywhere so. Who is insensible to the power of shrines? spots sacred by the legends of departed bravery; where the hero wrestled; where the maiden wept; where the stately cavalcade swept on. Tombs and temples, ruins and caves, and even the lonely ghyll and the bare or scarcely grassy rock

—how they thrill us. It is so everywhere: the simplest village has some story to tell which awakens all our interest in us. How much more is it so with what we call, by an universal acknowledgment, the Holy Land. The charm of places moves us even while we read. Who can read unmoved the story of the grave of Rachel, and the tender revisiting of the patriarch Jacob of the old haunts of Bethel and Beersheba, and the burial of the old nurse Deborah beneath the hill of Bethel, under that plaintive oak, 'the Oak of Tears' ('Allon-bachuth')? A very interesting Appendix to this volume is the visit of Dr. Stanley, with his young charge, the Prince of Wales, to the cave of Machpelah, the spot of those tender words of Jacob, 'There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah.' A similar entrance into the charm of places we have in the description of the halt of Jacob on his exile from his father's house.

'The first halt of the Wanderer revealed his future destinies. "The sun went down;" the night gathered round; he was on the central thoroughfare, on the hard backbone of the mountains of Palestine; the ground was strewn with wide sheets of bare rock; here and there stood up isolated fragments, like ancient Druidical monuments. On the hard ground he lay down for rest, and in the visions of the night the rough stones formed themselves into a vast staircase, reaching into the depth of the wide and open sky, which, without any interruption of tent or tree, was stretched over the sleeper's head. On that staircase were seen ascending and descending the messengers of God; and from above there came the Divine Voice which told the houseless wanderer that, little as he thought it, he had a Protector there and everywhere; that even in this bare and open thoroughfare, in no consecrated grove or cave, "the LORD was in this place, though he knew it not." "This was BETHEL, the House of God; and this was the gate of Heaven."'

Do we not read of the army of Godfrey of Bouillon, that when it came in sight of Jerusalem, beholding in the distance its turrets and fair fronts, they were so transported with joy that they gave such a shout that the very earth was said to ring again. Some such sensations stir within us all as we think of the Holy Land. We say, mighty is the charm of many of those places. One cannot reduce to science the feelings which overwhelm us. It was always so, not less from the days of Abraham, when Melchizedek met him returning from the slaughter of the kings, and now, nor less now than then. Secluded from the rest of the ancient world in its nest of hills, it was a small territory. Great was the contrast between the littleness of Pales-

tine and the vast empires which hung upon its northern and southern frontiers. Small and narrow, from almost any high point in the country its whole breadth is visible; from the long walls of the hills of Moab on the east to the Mediterranean on the west. It has been well remarked, that one voice or the other—that of the mountains or the sea—is perpetually heard amidst the notes and tones of the Hebrew poets. They seem to respond. If on the one side rose the cry, 'The sea is his, and he made it,' on the other rose the cry, 'The strength of the hills is his also.' There were the mountains of Gilead, the long ridges of Arabia, whence the first fathers of the land, Abraham and Jacob, wandered into the country, and from whence the camels and dromedaries of Midian and Ephah were once again to pour in. There lay the sea, whitening with the ships of Tarshish—sails of mighty ships which in their silvery whiteness were flying as a cloud, and as doves to the windows. There lay the isles of the Gentiles which should come to the light of Judea. Thus it was said, 'I have set Jerusalem in the midst of the nations and of the countries that are round about her.' Everything in nature was prepared for the stupendous symbolisms and suggestions of poetry. Palestine was situated amidst the highlands of Asia; the great empires, Egypt and Assyria, rose on the plains formed by the rivers; the mountains forming the great watershed whence those rivers descended, were the haunts of the barbarian races who descended to conquer and ravage the rich and level plains; but from the desert of Arabia to Hebron it was one long-continued ascent. 'To go down into Egypt,' 'To go up into Canaan,' were not only common expressions, but very true. Israel rose in a mountain sanctuary, and so looked over the world. 'The mountain of the Lord's house was established on the top of the mountains,' exalted upon the top of the hills. To this all nations were to flow. It was a land of mountains. 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!' The mountains were to bring peace to the people, and the hills righteousness. What a scene starts to the eye as soon as some of these places are mentioned. And then those mountain scenes gave majesty to the conflagrations of the heavens. Terrible were the storms which, in streams of fire and tones of thunder, broke over the rocky and sandy waste. This was 'the voice of the Lord;' the thunder heard, now distant, now remote. 'The God of glory thundereth,' one long-continued roll. 'He bowed the heavens, and came down; and darkness was under his feet.' He 'walketh upon the wings of the wind.' 'The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire.' 'He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.'



'Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed.' 'The mountains flow down at thy presence, as when the melting fire burneth, the fire causeth the waters to boil.' No doubt the influence of the sea is widely different to the influence of the mountains. The sea is a cheerful, humorous creature, coquettish and cruel, as all coquettes are; but if stern, plastic. All nations, if they have been triumphant over time and circumstance, have had to take the sea into their confidence. No nation has been permanently great but as she has had a large seaboard. And even Palestine had its great seas and rivers; but the genius of Palestine dwelt amidst the hills and mountains. If tenderness touches with its indispensable charm these awful poems, it is not the tenderness of the soul caught from 'the haven of ships' and the stir of the peoples, from the gentle humours arising from the spray of the sea waves, or of many tribes; it is the tenderness of that deep silence which falls upon the heart amidst the solitude of brooding hills; the tenderness of the reticent, not less than the passionate nature; the tenderness of the hush and the calm, not the clash and the contest of the wave and the storm.

The Hebrew poetry very adequately represents the land, and soil, and race, from whence it sprang. Especially do we see this in its entire divestment of humour, of wit, and of satire. There are one or two exceptions to this generalization, but they are so rare that they confirm the rule. There is an intense realism in it; a grim and gloomy grandeur takes possession of many of the features of it. For the Hebrew had no acquaintance, in those periods when that literature was compiled which is precious to us, with many races or many men. His soul was inflamed with, his eye was fixed upon, august, and solemn and solitary truths. We are afraid the rich raciness of what we call genial humour, is sadly allied to the graceful and *non-chalant* indifference. There was little in the history of the Hebrews which could be regarded as cheerful. The race, like the patriarchs, moved beneath a bannered vanguard, which was always a prospect and a promise, and never a possession. Hostile hosts of Anakim perpetually hung round them; there was Babylon in their front, and there was Egypt in their rear; and mountain solitudes are not favourable to the development of humour; they do not nurse the artist faculty at all those mountain majesties; Samuel would not be a pleasant companion to us after that cheerful little exercise of hewing Agag in pieces. Nor would Elijah be the most desirable after that entertaining episode upon Mount Carmel. They accustom the mind and heart to those sublime attractions beneath whose presence it is regardless of the forms and the settings. There is nothing

plastic in the mountain : it will not yield to you ; it will not retire before you. Mountains hang a grandeur and heaviness before you. They are like the very lawgivers of nature, stern and impassive. Let the sun shine as it will, *they* never laugh. Stern sentinels, they couch before the inhabitants ; they hold the echoes ; they protract the thunders ; upon their crests they first receive the lightnings, which break harmlessly there, and scatter themselves amidst the forests of the valleys. When the Hebrew prophet or poet wanted the teaching which should collect the strength of his spirit against the idolatrous priest or king, 'he went to a cave and lodged there ;' and when he came forth, it was not in the graceful, playful spirit of a man to whom words and creeds are all alike humorous vehicles. The sternness of the Semitic man was fostered by the deeper sternness of nature. What could we think if one of those wild beings came before our eyes ?—Samuel, or Amos, in his rough garment—in his eye the wild spot of electric fire, terrible and intense as that glory on the face of Moses. These were the men who had slept—no, not slept, but spread themselves night and day on the hard flooring of the cave, waiting for 'the word of the Lord.' Could you expect these men to indulge you in little humorous movements ? As well expect an angel to be very funny. No ; there is no humour in this poetry, any more than in the poetry of Wordsworth. Directness of vision, the intense mystical charm of nature, we say, destroys that all-encompassing circularity of soul in which such grotesquenesses becomes at all possible. But in the stead of this, there was a mystical halo which did not the less glorify than it gloomed all nature. There was no question in those days about the supernatural : the people lived ever within the fear and the presence of the mysterious and the invisible. It may be said of all of them, they 'endured as seeing Him who is invisible.' There is no glory, or beauty, or benignity in nature where it is not so. All things were sealed by infinite significations ; significations which we fear are lost to us now. There was no morbid horror of mysticism. Poetry was not fancy. There was no fear of its being a thing separate and cut off from philosophy. For that poetry was what all true poetry is, an entrance into the wisdom and the spirit of the universe. It was an entrance into the 'life of things,' and into the truth of things. There was no worship of ideology, or idolatry of ideas, which is the last form of Paganism. At the same time, the ideology of the Hebrew narrative is miraculous, and spiritual symbolists never have and never will weary of its multiform pictures. This last vanity of thought may have, and probably

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has, deeper phenomena than most of its professors know. It is, in fact, reason feeling after, but not finding, the spiritual base of things, either in narrative or in scenery. The poetry, therefore, of the Hebrews held the keys to, as well as the stores of, the whole scenery of symbolism. Why, everything in Palestine was a shadow and a type. The kingdom was all alive with spiritual escutcheonry. The old book is all alive to us with strange images and words. And what a wonderful grief there is. How we are reminded of the definition of soul given by the wonderful blind, deaf girl, Laura Bridgeman, when she asked her instructor, 'What is soul?' He replied, 'That which thinks, feels, hopes, loves——' 'And *aches*,' she added eagerly. 'And *aches*.' They are all in the Hebrew poet, but especially *the aching*. Ah, what pathos! what tenderness! The poet possesses himself of every pictorial *individualization*, say again, personification. 'Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears!' 'Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of *thy* waterspouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.'

It is often the case that 'Every incident and word of a narrative is fraught with a double meaning, and earthly and spiritual images are put one over against the other—hardly to be seen in the English version, but in the original clearly intended.' We stand, like the prophet Ezekiel himself, upon the banks of the Chebah, and see, by the aid of those marvellous hieroglyphs, the unseen world coming into view. We are afraid to attempt to spell the mystery: visions upon visions of revolving wheels of providence, and burning lamps, and interfolding lightnings, and gleaming amber, and majestic natural creatures; cherubim, to carry forward Divine works; spirit and power alive in the royal lion, and the sacrificial and simple ox, and the winged and far-reaching eagle, and in the face of the chief, *the man*. Then, as we study these vast symbols, then we see the analogy of the material and the spiritual world, all coherent in texture, mechanism, and design. We see how 'that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.'

'A tapestried tent to shade us meant  
From the brave o'erhanging firmament,  
Where the blaze of the skies,  
Comes soft to the eyes,  
Through the veil of mystical imageries.  
We gaze aloof  
On the tissued roof,  
Where time and space are the warp and woof,  
Which the King of kings as a curtain flings  
O'er the dreadfulness of created things.'



It is a nice question, that of the relation of true poetry to art, the relation of the prophet and the seer to the artist. We demand, as genius decays, rhythmic vestures, and the meretricious adornments of mere verse. The elder and most primeval men cast these indignantly away; and especially we may believe that, in the poets of Palestine, it was not cultivation, but soul, which at once gave the charm to the measure and the word. Yet we must remember that all true poetry is art: the soul consigns itself to music. Shakspeare was quite uneducated, but how perfect his art was, if not invariably, then how frequently. Let us remember that those splendours of trope and figure on which the professor of poetry and rhetoric expatiates, and which the little poetaster seeks to imitate and to embellish his little phenomena with, sprang hot and mighty from the furnace of the poet's genius. It is thus with that eminent figure of speech we call personification, with which, beyond any other poetry, the Hebrew language abounds, but which gives highest dignity, and rapture, and ecstasy to all poetry. There is a singular principle which attributes the qualities of sex to inanimate objects. This is one form of that stirring spirit which embodies to the eye every form as really living and acting. Time would quite fail us to point to even a thousandth part of the illustrations of this which might be presented; but personification does wonderfully reveal to us the instinct in man which seems to regard all animate and inanimate nature as conscious, active, and alive. The idea of poetry as a making or creating was not present to the Hebrew: no, it was the rhythmic vibration of life. Rhythm does not mark the Hebrew poetry except as *thought-rhythms* are to be so regarded; and the careful study of these opens one of the great doors of meaning in the Hebrew Bible. This has been called parallelism; a powerful and beautiful concord of the whole sense, when the proposition of the first member of the verse is caught up and poured out again in a second to exhaust itself thoroughly; as in Psalm i.; Isa. lv. 6, 7; Isa. li. 6. There is a beautiful instance of parallelism in Solomon's Song, showing the purity and unity of the marriage state depicted in it, as compared with the harems of princes—the beauty of the spotless bride.

‘Sixty they queens!  
 Eighty mistresses!  
 And waiting-maids without number!  
 One, she—my dove, my perfect one.  
 One! she to her mother an honour.  
 Unsullied she, to her who bare her an honour.  
 The daughters beheld her and blessed her;

The queens and the mistresses, and they praised her, saying,  
Who is this that looketh forth as the rosy morning,  
Fair as the bright moon, unsullied as the burning sun, terrible  
as a bannered host ?'

Personification was, from the very nature of the Hebrew mind, not less distinct in their other productions than in the Hebrew Scriptures. This gives the amazing parabolic power which is evident not only in the Scriptures, but often in a very exaggerated form, but more frequently in a very beautiful form, in the Talmud. We may ask our readers to read the following beautiful parable, in which all nature is represented alive. The citation shows how parable, and poem, and personification, naturally spoke in the Hebrew mind.

DAVID: THE SONG OF THE NIGHT.

'As David, in his youthful days, was tending his flocks on Bethlehem's fertile plains, the Spirit of the Lord descended upon him, and his senses were opened and his understanding enlightened, so that he could understand the songs of the night. The heavens proclaimed the glory of God, the glittering stars formed one general chorus, their harmonious melody resounded upon earth, and the sweet fulness of their voices vibrated to its utmost bounds.

"Light is the countenance of the Eternal," sang the setting sun. "I am the hem of his garment," responded the soft and rosy twilight. The clouds gathered themselves together, and said, "We are his nocturnal tent." And the waters in the clouds and the hollow voices of the thunders joined in the lofty chorus, "The voice of the Eternal is upon the waters, the God of glory thundereth in the heavens, the Lord is upon many waters."

"He flieth upon *my* wings," whispered the wind; and the gentle air added, "I am the breath of God, the aspirations of his benign presence." "*We hear* the songs of praise," said the parched earth; "all around is praise: I alone am sad and silent." Then the falling dew replied, "*I will nourish thee*, so that thou shalt be refreshed and rejoice, and thy infants shall bloom like the young rose." "*Joyfully we bloom*," sang the refreshed meads; the full ears of corn waved as they sang, "*We are the blessing of God, the hosts of God against famine*."

"*We bless thee from above*," said the gentle moon; "We, too, bless thee," responded the stars; and the lightsome grasshopper chirped, "*Me, too*, he blesses in the pearly dewdrop." "He *quenched my thirst*," said the roe; "*and refreshed me*," continued the stag; "*and grants us our food*," said the beasts of the forest; "and clothes my lambs," gratefully added the sheep.

"He heard *me*," croaked the raven, "when I was forsaken and alone;" "He heard *me*," said the wild goat of the rocks, "when my time came and I brought forth." And the turtle-dove cooed, and the

swallow and other birds joined the song, "We have found our nests, our houses: we dwell upon the altar of the Lord, and sleep under the shadow of his wing in tranquillity and peace." "*And peace,*" replied the night, and echo prolonged the sound, when chanticleer awoke the dawn, and crowed with joy, "Open the portals, set wide the gates of the world! the King of Glory approaches. Awake! arise! ye sons of men; give praises and thanks unto the Lord; for the King of Glory approaches."

'The sun arose, and David awoke from his melodious rapture. But as long as he lived, the strains of creation's harmony remained in his soul, and daily he recalled them from the strings of his harp.'

We have before said how Wordsworth has this great resemblance to the spirit of Hebrew poetry in his entrance into nature.

Dr. Stanley devotes a large portion of his volume to the analysis of the prophetic office and character; and if the analysis is not characterized by great profundity of thought, or any very wide or new vision, it is yet a very interesting and concise statement of the chief points of the history and influence of the prophetic office. He attempts to bring before us the schools of the prophets, and the power of the prophet as a commanding teacher and leader of the people. He brings out with considerable distinctness and force the prophetic insight into the human heart; the close connection of the prophet with the thoughts, hearts, and consciences of men; the consciousness of the presence of God; the teaching of the future, constantly speaking of things to come; the power of the future both for the Church and the individual. 'The whole prophetic teaching stakes itself on the issue that all will go well with us when once we turn. The future is everything, the past is nothing. The turning, the change, the fixing our faces in the right instead of the wrong direction, this is the difficulty, the crisis of life; but this done, *then*, cried the prophet, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.' Our writer has not brought out with sufficient distinctness the power of the Messianic faith in the prophets; but their prospective and predictive tendencies are very powerfully portrayed. He says,—

'And this token of Divinity extends (and here again I speak quite irrespectively of any special fulfilments of special predictions) to the whole prophetic order, in Old and New Testament alike. There is nothing which to any reflecting mind is more signal a proof of the Bible being really the guiding book of the world's history, than its anticipations, predictions, insight, into the wants of men far beyond

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the age in which it was written. That modern element which we find in it,—so like our own times, so unlike the ancient framework of its natural form; that Gentile, European, turn of thought,—so unlike the Asiatic language and scenery which was its cradle; that enforcement of principles and duties, which for years and centuries lay almost unperceived, because hardly ever understood, in its sacred pages; but which we now see to be in accordance with the utmost requirements of philosophy and civilization; those principles of toleration, chivalry, discrimination, proportion, which even now are not appreciated as they ought to be, and which only can be fully realized in ages yet to come; these are the unmistakable predictions of the Prophetic spirit of the Bible, the pledges of its inexhaustible resources.

Another quotation sets before us the likeness of the Jewish prophet to the more modern and English preacher.

‘Oh if the spirit of our profession, of our order, of our body, were the spirit, or anything like the spirit, of the ancient Prophets! if with us, truth, charity, justice, fairness to opponents, were a passion, a doctrine, a point of honour, to be upheld, through good report and evil, with the same energy as that with which we uphold our position, our opinions, our interpretations, our partnerships! A distinguished prelate has well said, “It makes all the difference in the world whether we put the duty of Truth in the first place, or in the second place.” Yes! that is exactly the difference between the spirit of the world and the spirit of the Bible. The spirit of the world asks, *first*, “Is it safe? is it pious?” *secondly*, “Is it true?” The spirit of the Prophets asks, *first*, “Is it true?” *secondly*, “Is it safe?” The spirit of the world asks, *first*, “Is it prudent?” *secondly*, “Is it right?” The spirit of the Prophets asks, *first*, “Is it right?” *secondly*, “Is it prudent?” It is not that they and we hold different doctrines on these matters, but that we hold them in different proportions. What they put first, we put second; what we put second, they put first. The religious energy which we reserve for objects of temporary and secondary importance, they reserved for objects of eternal and primary importance. When Ambrose closed the doors of the church of Milan against the blood-stained hands of the devout Theodosius, he acted in the spirit of a prophet. When Ken, in spite of his doctrine of the Divine right of Kings, rebuked Charles II. on his death-bed for his long-unrepented vices, those who stood by were justly reminded of the ancient Prophets. When Savonarola, at Florence, threw the whole energy of his religious zeal into burning indignation against the sins of the city, high and low, his sermons read more like Hebrew prophecies than modern homilies.

‘We speak sometimes with disdain of moral essays, as dull, and dry, and lifeless. Dull, and dry, and lifeless they truly are, till the Prophetic spirit breathes into them. But let religious faith and love once find its chief, its proper vent in them, as it did of old in the Jewish Church—let a second Wesley arise who shall do what the

Primate of his day wisely but vainly urged as his gravest counsel on the first Wesley,—that is, throw all the ardour of a Wesley into the great unmistakable doctrines and duties of life as they are laid down by the Prophets of old and by Christ in the Gospels—let *these* be preached with the same fervour as that with which Andrew Melville enforced Presbyterianism, or Laud enforced Episcopacy, or Whitfield Assurance, or Calvin Predestination—then, perchance, we shall understand in some degree what was the propelling energy of the Prophetic order in the Church and Commonwealth of Israel.

For Hebrew poetry, it must be remembered, touched, as no other poetry and no other philosophy has ever touched, the heights of 'the great argument.' When Isaac Taylor says that 'Isaiah is our master in the school of the highest reason,' while he does, perhaps, accurately describe him, and so place him at the head of even Hebrew bards, he also, in fact, gives to us the most appropriate designation of Hebrew poetry in general. It is, indeed, the highest truth of which the human reason is capable, taught by analogy; analogy, however, which does not climb by long processes, or wind its way by difficult and dark defiles of argument: a single stroke reveals a continent of truth. This separates the poetry of Palestine from the poetry of other nations and other ages. It is never the poetry of mere metaphor, or description, or simile alone—all these stand related to highest spiritual purposes; they are all comparisons, or keys to causes; and these touch a far higher strain—it is all analogy, but in a far higher key than Butler. In Hebrew poetry analogy runs through all the whole range of poetic figure, from similitude up to philosophical truth. This was the mode in which truth was presented to the mind. The *abstract*, that is, truth as truth, the law of truth, was never presented unveiled; but the metaphor became, on the tongue of the prophet-poet, a key to the apprehension of the law. The poet knew—shall we say, rather, that the Divine mind knew?—that man cannot grasp truth except in relations. It is true, it is gloriously true, that the poetry of Palestine deals with the universal truths which govern the world; but they are not presented in mathematical formulæ—they are veiled; for, indeed, that is also true of truth in form, which God said to Moses of himself, 'There shall no man see my face and live.' No; and is it not so, as man attempts to know the truth of law without the mystic medium, and to apprehend it as such, the true man dies within him? What does he become? Wisdom of old was represented with the golden belt—something, indeed, of the Cestus of Venus—to show that they who would instruct mankind must commence by attracting; for,

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indeed, it is not only true that the spell of wisdom, in its own form and essence, is not only too feeble a magnet for the sensualized many, it needs the holy lure, the hallowed image, the rhythmic and the choral tone and hymn to sweep round the soul of the listener by magic influences, and so to attract to its glowing lessons. Thus analogy is seized to teach and to subdue, but with a vigour which distinctly reveals how keen and clear was the truth in the mind of the writer; but, at the same time, we must remember that much most clear to the writer is dark to us. The sounds and the signs of the Hebrew poets are, indeed, 'dark sayings upon the harp' now; but is not all poetry that—a dark saying upon the harp? The soul, full of gloom and melancholy, broods and dreams. It is night in the soul. The soul chafes, and frets, and fears; then it betakes itself, in those first lone oriental ages, to the harp; in *these* to the pen: the pen of to-day is the exact counterpart of the harp in the times of old. Speech freshens and clears. The harpist of old dashed his fingers over the wires, and Divine impulses rushed along the soul. Elisha, although he has left us no poetical writings, yet needed the harp and the minstrel to call forth his powers; and in David sacred music was his condition, it would seem, in sacred song. How is it that we say so often of things, 'Half is mine and half is thine'? We can do nothing without the pen, or without speech; 'we sit alone and keep silence,' and the mists settle before us and upon us; but, like 'the arrows of God,' which of old 'cleaved a way through the midst of the rivers,' so it is with harp, and pen, and speech. It seems to assure us that some presence is standing by us and before us, to help the birth of the thing which, being unborn, is a burden to us, but which, being born, is to relieve, to lighten over us and to bless us. Yes; ever we say, when highest impulses are in us, 'Half is mine and half is thine.' This is well set forth in many of the phrases of the Hebrew poets; for instance: 'The burden of the word of the Lord.' 'The hand of the Lord was mighty upon him.' We do not think other poets ever felt it in the same degree in which those men felt it, but we suppose all true poets have felt it more or less: 'the hand of the Lord is mighty upon them.' We have often thought of Saul as revealing to us much of a nature on which lay the burden, unable, however, to wield its own powers; for, for all spiritual health, 'the spirit of the prophet must be subject to the prophet.' What is that oppression of being we call insanity? Surely it is only spiritual congestion. Surely it is pent-up and unrelieved being. Hence, if we cannot use the harp ourselves, let us send for David. Music is a kind of spiritual chloroform. Oh, those daughters of music! those



daughters of music! the wonderful spirits of the key, and the note, the bar, the wire, and the word! What is it—what is it we unloose when we call for them and they come, and their wonderful draperies steal and wind through all secret places, like spiritual ether, finding out all the vaults and crypts; throwing light upon all the dark people of the soul; opening the gates of the prison-houses, where the comforters lay confined and chained, till they started up one by one, and stepped forth one by one, and the liberated soul felt the lightness and the brightness, and a rush of emotion set free the rivers of thought? Does not all Hebrew poetry seem to be alternately the burden and the blessedness? Is there not a Divine insanity visible in all? Turning, then, to the Divine and celestial radiance of Hebrew poetry, well may we say,—

‘There be none of Music’s daughters with a magic like to thee.’

In something the same way in which we also expel our demons by prayer, still saying while we pray, ‘Half is mine, and half is thine;’ or in some such way as the misty and the dark clears before our eyes, by a *Divine actinism*, and we, cast like a Bedouin upon our carpet in the dark vault, resume a Divine joyfulness, and rush before the chariot of Ahab into the entering of Jezreel. And so all Divine poetry is to us—the whole, admirably and wonderfully, is to us—‘Love, the bread of life; work, the salt of life; poetry, the ideal, the sweetness of life; faith, the water of life.’

All persons accustomed to lecturing or public speaking, will have noticed that in the course of their wanderings they meet with two audiences. There is a plain, uneducated audience, unpolished, but unconventionalized, to whom if you would speak, you must present your speech in sharp, short, fiery sentences; in words that flash instantly, and in the flash convey and reveal. We have little of this order of eloquence now; but where it is, and where it meets its proper audience, it kindles, till the whole people are borne along on the blaze and the passion of it. The feelings of the people become ungovernable; they are clasped and borne along by irrepressible emotion; they shout, they cheer. The building in which the oration rings, shakes with the peal of rapture and of praise. True, after it is all over, you meditate that the people who yielded themselves to the fervour of this furor were a simple kind of folk, much more accustomed to follow their feelings than to inquire for the verdicts of cultured understandings; but then the orator probably reflected to himself, that the strength of his speech also was not in his culture, but in his soul; that he and his audience

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captivated each other by their possession of the over soul ; they took fire not by their studied art, but by their great sympathies ; and the voice of the orator, as it rose aloft, was like a wind amidst the trees, or sweeping down the dark hills ; very fine indeed, but dependent, too, upon the trees and the mountains : the wind had a voice in itself, but the trees and mountains awakened the echo. There is another speaker, and there is another audience ; an audience intensely, too intensely, capable of appreciating, but incapable of applauding. The speaker who would succeed must cut his sentences like cameos, and work all the separate parts of his figures together, till they have the exquisiteness of mosaics. He makes a slip of one word : it is fatal to him in the estimation of his audience. His audience listens with a fine, hesitating, critical ear, much more pleased with the sense of propriety than the sense of power. It never yields itself until it is taken possession of ; and conventionalism is a fine antidote to the being taken possession of. This audience appreciates clever reading more than lofty passion, and clear lines more than cloudy and mystic glories. These two audiences, alive now in our age, and usually to be found in many past ages, sufficiently represent the two stages of poetry : poetry in its primeval age—the age before the reign of Horace and of art, when, in fact, there is no art of poetry ; for poetry of course precedes the art, even as the social man precedes law and society—and poetry in the artist age, when the sensations are placed in the cabinet, and kept, and turned over, and when mighty heavings of heart give place to pretty little pictures, and the rapture and the frenzy are succeeded by a fine eye for critical analysis, and the power to review a fine poem, and to demonstrate its deficiencies, is even far more than to write it. In the poetry of Palestine, in Hebrew poetry, we are brought into the presence of the first of these two ; and if such a plain illustration as that we have used may serve, then let it serve to illustrate the poetry of Judea and the poetry of Greece, the poetry of passion and of truth, and the poetry of culture and of form. The storm-lit and phosphorescent sea may image to us the one ; the clear, calm, cold, glacial mountain, visited all night by troops of stars, may seem to us the type of the other. The first a grand, sonorous, and inadjecived world, where everything is nominative and intense in action : a speculative lens before which all things turn into the qualities of bodies, may seem to us a type of the last.

We need not say that the Hebrew poet was usually, in the nature of things, prophet ; a character we have little means of knowing, and cannot sympathize with much if brought into any

near relationship. The seer, the foreteller; that character so wonderfully drawn by Wordsworth—

‘That serene and blessed mood  
In which the affections gently lead us on,  
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,  
And even the motion of our human blood,  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul;  
While with an eye made quick by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things’—

he especially realizes the word of description we have just given; a character which, in the degree in which we attempt to realize it, we more completely feel to be awful; for there was no instance of any of these mysterious men, who had not once in his life beheld the majesty of God, and become certain of the true relation of the world to its God: hence the word seer, foreteller, or forth-teller. To this the prophet turned from the mutability of man. God possessed him, and he possessed himself of God. This was the first condition of authority in these prophet-poets. Sometimes the vision came as to the prophet Amos: ‘I saw the Lord standing upon the altar: and he said, Smite the lintel of the door, that the posts may shake’ (Amos ix. 1). Sometimes the vision came as to Ezekiel: ‘I looked, and, behold, in the firmament that was above the head of the cherubim there appeared over them as it were a sapphire stone, as the appearance of the likeness of a throne. And he spake unto the man clothed with linen, and said, Go in between the wheels, even under the cherub, and fill thine hand with coals of fire from between the cherubim, and scatter them over the city. And he went in in my sight.’ But it is in Isaiah we behold all the poet-prophet, most on fire, most with all his attractive grandeurs and sublimities about him. It is most interesting to notice how the meaning of his mission and its reality broke in upon his mind. ‘In the year that King Uzziah died I saw the Lord.’ At that time he was probably about twenty years of age. We have been fond of realizing the youthful prophet, the sacred and loftier Dante of Palestine, stepping into that temple. We need not dwell at length here upon his character, because it is not long since we devoted a lengthy paper to the analysis of the prophet. We like to conceive that youthful figure, that most burning and awful imagination our world has ever known, that wing with a pomp and beat of majesty as measured as Milton’s, united to a mystic insight into things far higher than Dante’s. There he paced, or sat and thought of Him whom the heaven and the

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heaven of heavens could not contain. We conceive him there, as across his soul passed the memories of that house, till the veil of the temple was rent, and he saw the Lord lifted up and his train filling the temple above. It has been said, and we believe it, that Isaiah especially abounds in illustrations of those 'truths which wake to perish never.' It is indeed so, that the thought of *pre-existence* seems to move through us most in reading this prophecy. It is very true,—

‘Our noisy years  
Seem moments in the being of the eternal silence;’

but those truths which—

‘Neither listlessness nor mad endeavour,  
Nor man nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy.’

Isaiah not only gives to us the highest sweep of poetry, but furnishes us too with the law of prophecy.

We have referred to the constant appeal to analogy for the illustration of all truth. There are idiomatic, and if we may say so, vernacular illustrations; and there are, on the contrary, others which touch the highest rounds of the material truth. God's sovereignty and man's responsibility have ever been vast difficulties; but with what a firm and wonderful hand does the prophet Jeremiah deal with them. Man's responsibility, for instance, and the conditional character of the Divine government, in the eighteenth chapter of Jeremiah: ‘The word which came to Jeremiah from the Lord, saying, Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words. Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made *it* again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it. Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying, O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel. At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to pluck up, and to pull down, and to destroy it; if that nation, against whom I have pronounced, turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them. And at what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to build and to plant it; if it do evil in my sight, that it obey not my voice, then I will repent of the good, wherewith I said I would benefit them.’

It is remarkable to notice, that while all the forms of art in Egypt and in Assyria embody to us in their awful vastness the glorification of matter, of nature, so that everywhere size, which is the lowest and rudest type of power, seems to meet us, and every instance terrible to contemplate, as it must have been terrible to hew and rear the vast cyclopean forms; as in Greece and ancient Rome we behold the glorification of intellect, cold intelligence and thought; it is this which meets us everywhere, alike in the marble and the verse, in the temple and the philosophy—the poetry of Palestine is the glorification of spirit and soul. The art of the Old Testament and of the New alike are one in this.

It has often been remarked, that the poetry and art of the old peoples, the Assyrian and Babylonian races, led to the glorification of matter: matter was glorified in itself; only the soul wrought upon it and attempted to shape it:—

‘Those cavern-shrines and idol-thrones,  
Those temples, piled of unhewn stones.’

So also the art of Judea pointed to the glorification of matter, but from quite another side. In the temple-shrines of Nineveh, and the looming bulls and beasts, it is easy to see how man was the victim of his own works: their grandeur was the grandeur and the gloom of a gorgeous interment of soul. What a blind and shapeless, but masterful will, scowls upon us from all those vast edifices; from pyramids and obelisks; from the interminable cave and winding gallery: it is the glorification of nature as the funeral glorifies the pall, while the cold, corrupting corpse lies beneath its hatchmented splendour. But the poetry of Palestine glorifies nature and matter in another fashion. It becomes only, to the Hebrew bards, a veil, through whose dim vesture, or as through some chinks and bars, eternal beauty shines, and destiny smiles. It has been well remarked, that the golden age of Greece, too, shines behind it. The golden age of Hebrew poetry gleams before it. The good time coming is the refrain of all the old Hebrew bards. Why, we have been accustomed to the tones and raptures of prophecy until we have at once lost the sense of their significance, and their awful and imposing beauty. And here the personification and the nationality of these people shine forth with wonderful lustre. ‘O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain.’ ‘Jerusalem, builded as a city that is compact together,’ becomes ‘the joy of the whole earth.’ All turns to embodiment and prosopopœia. It is evident that it is all the result of prophetic insight—‘rapt into future times.’ Wonderful was the hope, and very brilliant the eye of those in-

spired seers. It mattered little what desolation was in their streets, what shadows over their temple, what guilt on their throne; the eye lightened over the future. 'The parched ground' would at last 'become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay,' should be grass, along which the highway of the ransomed should go. What did they mean by the wolf dwelling with the lamb; the leopard lying down with the kid; the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, led by the little child; none hurting or destroying in all the holy mountain; the earth 'full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea'? Visions of the destruction of war, and all its carriages and artillery, first rose to the eye of the harassed Hebrew bard; the temple splendours dilated to amazing vastness, filling the whole earth; 'the man with the measuring line' was beheld by more than one prophet going forth to measure Jerusalem; and the rivers from the midst of the temple, flowing through the whole earth, comfort all that drink their waters, into the nethermost parts of the world. The poet of Palestine beheld the Divine transmutation, the Divine transmigration, going on; things of earth resolving themselves into things of heaven; all 'waiting the fulness of time'—this is the optimism of the Bible and of the poets of the Bible. There is perpetually working the Divine chemistry; 'from evil still educing good, and better thence again, in infinite progression.' But evil never ceases to be evil, and good is always good; there is no accommodating form in which words cease to have obvious meanings, and things cease to bear their sign of qualities. There is perpetually, in every poet's eye, a looking forward to 'the day of the Lord,' and hints, bolder or more reticent, are constantly lightening up the soul from its despondency and gloom. The Will, the Infinite One, the Eternal Will, is ever beheld as energizing. 'I quoted,' says Mrs. Jameson, 'the saying to A. of a sceptical philosopher, "The world is but one enormous will constantly rushing into life." "Is that," she responded quickly, "another new name for God?"' But the Hebrew never confounded the world and the will. Infinite power and infinite personality were ever present to his mind. Amidst the appalling sternness, the soul never yields itself to the desolation. The good time was ever coming to the Jew. 'Always against hope he believed in hope.' There was always a fringe of light and hope; a visionary gleam, however dark the storm might be; 'A light that never was on sea or land.' As hope after hope faded, through invasion and captivity, through the anger of God and the impiety of his princes,



through all ages, rose the institution of the Messiah, reflecting the flashes of immortal light upon the harp.

‘So while Elijah’s burning wheels prepare  
From Carmel’s height to sweep the fields of air,  
The prophet’s mantle, ere his flight began,  
Dropped on the world, a sacred gift to man.’

Hebrew poetry was never mightier than it is this day ; and it is destined yet to sweep a more extensive and glorious field. Well said Calvin of the book of Psalms, ‘I have been accustomed to call this book, not inappropriately, the anatomy of all the parts of the soul ; for there is not an emotion of which any one can be conscious that is not represented there as in a mirror ;’ and in our intensely critical and subjective age, the books of the Hebrew Scriptures are found to be as mighty over the soul as in those sensuous and primeval ages. We believe it is in the holy writings of the Hebrews that we learn the true relation of the feelings and the intellect. We learn, especially from these pages, that it is very frequently the case that we are to seek the law of the intellect rather through the utterances of the feelings, than through the cold abstract forms. How powerfully that theology of the feelings comes home to us when we are in danger of wandering from God. Then we are told of his anger and his jealousy, of his breastplate, helmet, bow, arrows, spear, sword, glittering sword, and raiment stained with blood. There is a fearful anthropomorphism here, but it stamps truth effectively on the heart. And if a soothing influence is needed, then we are assured, that the Lord feeds his flock like a shepherd, gathers the lambs in his arms, and carries them in his bosom. This theology of the feelings, this deep personification of the Hebrews, individualised to them, and individualises to us, the single parts of a doctrine, and makes them intense and impressive. Whether it facilitates the inferences of logic, we care not to say. ‘It arrests attention ; it grapples with wayward desires ; it reaches all the hiding-places of emotion, and satisfies the longings of the pious heart.’ When Arius, the arch-heretic, at the council of Nicæa, was uttering his heresies against the Trinity and the Son of God, Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, did not condescend to argument ; he replied to him by fetching him a tremendous box on the ear. With that demonstrative proof—howbeit, not uncommon in those days—we can have but little sympathy, it may be hoped ; but the answer of that aged Bishop Spiridion to the philosopher is ever fresh and good. His uncouth appearance, indeed, roused some contempt from the philosophers, but he exclaimed, ‘Hear me in the name of Jesus Christ. There is one God, Maker of heaven and of earth, and of all things visible and invisible. He made all

things by the power of his word and the holiness of his Holy Spirit. This Word we call the Son of God. He took compassion on men for their wanderings, and for their savage condition, and was born of a woman to converse with men, and to die for them; and he shall come to judge every one for the things done in this life. These things we believe without curious inquiry. Cease, then, from the vain labour of seeking proofs for or against what is established by faith, and the manner in which these things may or may not be. If thou believest, answer at once the question I put to thee.' The philosopher was astounded: he could only reply that he assented. 'Then,' said the old man, 'if thou believest, follow me to the Lord's house, and receive the sign of faith.' The philosopher turned to his learned friends, who had gathered round by curiosity. 'Hear me,' he said. 'So long as it was a matter of words, I opposed words by words; but when, in the place of words, power came from the speaker's lips, words can no more resist power, man can no more resist. If you feel as I have felt, let us follow the old man.' Well, this immediate and magnetic earnestness we do very much feel in the poetry of Palestine. It is a sense of immediateness which strikes us.

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## II.

### SOME ANALYSIS OF BUSHNELL'S WORK ON THE SUPERNATURAL.\*

THE appearance of the above work was in many respects most opportune. The public mind, intensely agitated by the publication of the 'Essays and Reviews,' had turned with renewed interest to the study of theology, and more especially to such questions as relate to Divine providence, revelation, and the Christian evidences. Attention being thus awakened by a volume so insidious in its errors, and so destructive in its tendency to the great distinctive truths of Christianity, as that above mentioned, there was both the opening and the need for a work so eminently fitted to act as a counteractive and corrective, as Bushnell's 'Nature and the Supernatural.'

Positivism has also of late been intruded on the public so often, in forms both popular and philosophic, that a refutation of

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\* *Nature and the Supernatural.* By Horace Bushnell, D.D. Edinburgh: Strahan & Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

it was clamorously demanded. Under it science has been reduced to a search after laws, history made the mere mechanical development of the race, and religion itself nothing more than an outgrowth of the human mind, and that in its earliest and most imperfect stage. The general tendency of physical science, too, now so extensively studied, is to lead from the Creator to the creation, from the Lawgiver to his laws. The vital forces in nature have been almost, if not altogether, deified, and invested with the qualities of intelligence and forethought. Indeed, so far has this gone, that men claiming the name of Theists, and even Christians, have embraced a theory which regards man as developed from the lower animals, and makes God's connection with his works to have ceased with the creation of the first living creatures. Clearly, then, there was great need for a work which would exhibit the spiritual, not as opposed, but as in harmony with and superior to the physical, and God as still working in and through the laws of nature, not as their servant, but they as his. Such a work, in many respects, is Bushnell's '*Nature and the Supernatural.*' Occupying a Christian stand-point, conceiving the physical as subordinate to the spiritual, he labours to establish on a firm foundation of reason, the Divine providential government, and the miraculous interpositions of redemption.

Dr. Bushnell's qualifications are of no mean order. Indeed, we would be inclined to assign him a place in the highest rank of modern American theologians. His moral perception is subtle and delicate, his discernment of moral beauties quick, and his appreciation keen; his discrimination of character generally accurate, and his decisions commonly just. The minute does not elude his sight; the imposing does not dazzle it. Hence his intense admiration of Christ's character, his beautiful and almost unexceptionable analysis of it, and his profound veneration for all that is morally grand in Christianity. But he is deficient in metaphysical ability. He is generally weakest in treating metaphysical subjects, and never grapples long with any question in the abstract. Hence he signally fails to establish his theory of evil, and hurriedly leaves his speculations on it unfinished, and even undiscussed in their deeper and wider relations. His ingenuity, too, has rather full scope, leading him to seek far-fetched explanations, as unlikely as they are remote. He is also very accessible on the side of his imagination, and often uses an analogy for an argument or an illustration as a proof. But to counterbalance these deficiencies, he has a fine intuitional perception of truth, a directness of aim, a strength of faith in his cause, a growing earnestness of style,



often rising into eloquence, which invariably fixes the reader's attention, and frequently gains his consent.

Turning now from the author to the work, we find its theorem stated thus: 'To find a legitimate place for the supernatural in the system of God, and show it as a necessary part of the Divine system itself.' It consists of fifteen chapters. The first briefly sketches the field, with the various antagonistic theories now advocated, and states the question discussed. The second is mainly occupied with definitions, and proof that man himself is a supernatural agent; hence, why not God? The third maintains that nature is not the system of God; that powers or persons, not things, constitute its largest and most essential part. Having thus established the existence of the supernatural, he goes on, in chapter fourth, to consider 'the problem of existence as related to the fact of evil;' that is, the powers now proved to exist have sinned; and why? Chapter fifth simply proves that sin is a fact, in opposition to the Socialistic, Rationalistic, and Pantheistic schools. Chapter sixth traces its consequences to the individual, society, and posterity. Chapter seventh is an attempt to pursue what are called the anticipative consequences of sin, as seen in the malformations of the geologic eras. Chapter eighth successfully demonstrates that there is no remedy with the terms of human nature, either in development or self-reformation. Chapter ninth, that supernatural intervention is compatible with nature, and subject to fixed laws. Chapter tenth, that there has been supernatural intervention in the person of Jesus Christ, and that his character forbids his possible classification with men. Chapter eleventh, that Christ performed miracles. Chapter twelfth, 'Water-marks in the Christian Doctrine;' or, its internal consistency and adaptation. Chapter thirteenth, that the world is governed supernaturally in the interests of Christianity. Chapter fourteenth, that miracles and spiritual gifts are not discontinued. And chapter fifteenth contains the general application. A glance will show the multiplicity of pregnant subjects introduced. It is impossible to condense an exhaustive review within the necessarily brief limits of the present article. Our aim is rather to examine its leading principles, point out their deficiencies, and, in many cases, fatal errors. These are both numerous and disastrous. In many quarters the book has been, not too highly, but too indiscriminately praised. And we fear the result. Bushnell's influence can hardly fail to be extensive and potent. Many young thinkers are almost sure to fall before his fascinate brilliance and convincing earnestness. Now, that his errors may be exploded, that their evil consequences may be rendered

innocuous, we have, after careful and conscientious study, determined to review his work. Let us take the chapters in detail.

Passing over his brief but graphic review of the anti-Christian or pseudo-Christian schools now contending in the arena of theological polemics, we find the author's Preface thus enunciated: '*To find a legitimate place for the supernatural in the system of God, and show it as a necessary part of the Divine system itself.*' The author thinks that if successful he 'shall make out an argument for the truth of Christianity that will have these two conditions: first, the rigid unity of the system of God; secondly, the fact that everything takes place under fixed laws.' Though scarcely far enough advanced in the review to criticise these, we remark on the first, if 'rigid unity of system' means that its two departments, nature and the supernatural, do not conflict, then we are at one on it: if it means that there has been no disturbance or disunion among its subjects, then we deny it. A system, as we understand it, is a set of things or truths arranged in order. It has a centre to which everything else stands in the relation of dependencies, and which can only be in the system according as they are in harmony with, and dependent upon, the centre. Now, in this sense there has been disunion in the system of God. Some of its dependencies—angels and men—have broken away. As for the second condition, if everything takes place under law, there can be nothing unlawful—hence no sin—a position from which none would be readier to shrink than our author, did he fairly look at it.

Carrying out the condition, 'the rigid unity of the system of God,' Bushnell proceeds to include in it 'supernatural redemption by Jesus Christ, the incarnate Word of God;' which view, he says, 'exactly meets the magnificent outline of God's universal plan given by the great apostle to the Gentiles—"And he is before all things, and by him (it should be, *in* him) all things consist." Christianity, in other words, is not an after-thought of God, but a forethought.' Again, 'The world was made to include Christianity; under that becomes a proper and complete frame of order.' Now, we beg to submit that such is not the correct and natural meaning of the passage, Col. i. 17. The apostle is engaged in proving Christ's true supremacy and Divinity. The 16th verse declares him to have been Creator, universal Creator too. All things in heaven and in earth were created by him; not in plan, but in reality; *ἐκτίσθη* being the historical aorist describing an actual fact. The same truth is affirmed in John i. 3: 'All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made.' Christ, or the

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Word, is Creator; the Divine Person actively engaged in this particular work. From following out this truth, the apostle says, 'He was before all things,' which, since he was Creator, is a demonstrable fact, 'and in him [Christ as a person, not Christianity as a system] all things consist,' or are upheld. The idea is constituted, or held together, in Christ. The preceding verse describes creation; the latter, preservation. And therefore, while finding a magnificent outline of God's work here, it is not the universal plan Bushnell found. The following objections might also be urged against the theory. (1) A universal plan including Christianity would destroy Christ as God's gift to a fallen world. (2) If the redemption scheme was comprehended in the Divine plan, so must its occasion, sin. (3) Since Christianity was the central or sovereign idea in the Divine plan, then man must have been made for Christianity, not Christianity for man. And so (4) man must have been created to sin, and must therefore be a mere passive instrument, not an active agent, in the Divine Schemer's hands. Surely conditions that raise such objections are false and erroneous. Nothing else in this chapter calls for particular notice, so we pass on.

In the second chapter, our author defines his terms, 'Nature and the Supernatural.' He says, 'The nature (*natura*) of a thing is the future participle of its being or becoming—its *about to be*, or its *about to come to pass*—and the radical idea is, that there is in the thing whose nature we speak of, or in the whole of things called nature, an about to be, or definite future time, a fixed hour of coming to pass, such that, given the things, or whole of things, all the rest will follow by an inherent necessity.' He still further says, that 'it will make no difference to our conception of the system' whether we say this nature 'has a going on, a process from within itself, under and by its own laws,' or by 'the immediate actuating power of God.' Such is his definition of nature (p. 20).

Now the supernatural. 'That is supernatural, whatever it be, which is either not in the chain of natural cause and effect, or which acts in the chain of cause and effect in nature, from without the chain. Thus, if any event transpires in the bosom or upon the platform of what is called nature, which is not from nature itself, or is varied from the process nature would execute by her own laws, that is supernatural, by whatever power it is wrought.' Hence any new combination of, or conception into nature, whether by God, or angels, or man, is in like manner supernatural. Such is the definition (p. 21).

The supernatural is next considered in the concrete. The definition has been given; now the power of agency is



seen to exist. There is found in the universe a power that can and does act upon the 'chain of cause and effect from without the chain.' Cause, of course, is not used here in its active sense—that claimed for it by the Theist, that it is the manifestation of an active agent—but in the sense of being a mere link in the chain of antecedents and sequents visible in nature. The power that can act on this chain is *will*. Personality expresses a being supernatural, and can arrange things into new combinations, and set them to purposes such as would never have resulted from their natural action. Thus, 'Nature never built a house, or modelled a ship, or fitted a coat, or invented a steam-engine, or framed a constitution;' but *will* has, and is, therefore, supernatural. Will is next proved, not a scale-beam, determined by the strongest motive, as the Edwardian school maintains, but free, essentially self-determining, which is declared an indubitable fact of consciousness. Our author also meets the argument from the Divine foreknowledge, arguing, in an interesting note, that it is essentially non-causative; and at length concludes a long and glowing argumentation by triumphantly demonstrating the fact of human freedom. We would willingly have lingered over this portion of the work, enriching our article with many beautiful quotations, but we must pass on to other and still more deeply interesting departments, where these principles are applied.

Man is a supernatural power; then why not God? Man can act on the chain of cause and effect from without the chain; why not God? But here start up the questions, It is spirit embodied that so acts; can spirit disembodied? Man's operations result from physical laws being placed in new relations, or elements in new combinations, or substances with their properties differently adjusted: can a spiritual person have different relations to nature, work in a like manner, or work like changes? Perhaps the answers to these questions would have been much more obvious, had our author placed alongside his successful and elaborate defence of the supernatural, another, to equal it, of the natural. His position would have been more unassailable. They would have been shown as harmonious in their mutual action. Very much depends on the answer to the question, What is natural law? Is it something that can or cannot be uttered? Is it something originally ordained by God, endued with self-action, and left to itself? or is it a medium through which the Divine energy continually operates? On this most interesting subject we will take the liberty of quoting a passage from Sir John Herschel. 'The Divine Author of the universe,' says that eminent philosopher, 'cannot be supposed to have laid down

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particular laws, enumerating all individual contingencies, which his materials have understood and obey—this would be to attribute to him the imperfections of human legislation—but rather, by creating them endued with certain fixed qualities and powers, he has impressed them in their origin with the *spirit*, not the *letter* of his law, and made all their subsequent combinations and relations inevitable consequences of this first impression ; by which, however, we would no way be understood to deny the constant exercise of his direct power in maintaining the system of nature, or the ultimate emanation of every energy which material agents exert from his immediate will, acting in conformity with his own laws' ('Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy,' p. 37). Now, here we have a law impressed in its spirit, not in its letter, affording room and legitimate scope for the exertion of supernatural agency. Since law is written in the fixed qualities or powers of substances, their re-adjustment, or altered collocation, or combination in different degrees, may produce results or phenomena tantamount to a seeming violation of law, while no law is violated. Might not such an explanation relieve the question of difficulty ?

Then there is a difference in the relations of the respective agents, God and man, to the laws. Man finds them already fixed. He cannot change them. He may use them. They were made for his use, and are adapted to it. He can neither add to nor take from them. But God's relation is different. He ordained natural law. It is his servant, and therefore he must be able to modify it ; exerting a power over it, not only differing in degree, but in *kind*, from that exerted by man. There may be an analogy between God's actions and man's ; but surely we are warranted to go further than this. There is a higher and more potent, nay, a more intimate, connection between God and his physical laws, than between these laws and man : may we not, therefore, infer that they are more under his control, and may undergo legitimately greater variations from him.

There is another view in which the question may be considered. There is much in the region of nature seemingly indeterminate. Indeed, those departments, such as meteorology and pneumatology, which most closely environ man, are comparatively unknown. The weather and the winds often change in a most arbitrary fashion, setting man's most accurate calculations at haughty defiance. Now, since no scientific man has had glance so keen as to read, or grasp so broad as to generalize the laws that rule those departments, may we not warrantably conclude that here there is both room and scope for supernatural action ?

McCosh, in his 'Method of Divine Government, Physical and Moral,' has a beautiful chapter, in which he proves that 'Special adjustments are required to produce general laws or results.' One substance is arranged to operate upon another; their properties are adjusted so as to produce causes; and causes, acting independently of each other, are adjusted so as to produce uniform effects. And so he reaches the conclusion, that 'So far from general laws being able, as superficial thinkers imagine, to produce the beautiful adaptations which are so numerous in nature, they are themselves the result of nicely balanced and skilful adjustments' (p. 106). Now, have we not in those complicated adjustments producing natural results, full room for the Divine hand to work?

The same author, in his 'Intuitions of the Mind,' shows that our belief in the uniformity of nature is acquired; not a self-evident, necessary, or universal principle, but the result of education or experience. Hence, those in the earlier or simpler ages of society, 'look upon the work as liable to constant interferences on the part of supernatural agencies.' When we see an effect, what our intuition compels us to seek is a cause adequate to produce it; and when such a cause is found, we are satisfied, but not till then. If an event cannot be explained by a natural cause, then our intuition demands that we call it a supernatural one. Now, have we not, in this intuitive conviction, important proof that God can and does operate in the sphere of nature?

Thus, had Bushnell devoted greater attention to the study of natural laws, he would have found in them corroboration of his views, and also a broader foundation on which to rear his superstructure. This is a decided deficiency; one, however, that was to be expected from our author's intense realization of the supernatural. And while here, we would take the opportunity to recommend the study in this connection of the admirable and eminently philosophic works of Dr. McCosh. Having now finished our criticism of this chapter, we proceed.

The third chapter is chiefly occupied in proving that 'Nature is not the system of God.' The advocates of the development theory might find much profitable study here. The exhibition of the magnitude and grandeur of the supernatural—its vast superiority in subjects and extent over the natural—is truly magnificent. Dr. Bushnell absolutely riots in the greatness and splendour of his theme. Having triumphantly established the position that there is a range of beings higher than nature, our author proceeds to distinguish between *things* and *powers*. *Powers* are beings that can originate new trains of effects:

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*things* can only propagate effects under fixed laws. The points of contrast between these we quote in full.

'*Powers*, acting in liberty, are capable of double action—to do or not to do (God, for example, in creating man, man in sinning); *things* can only act in one way, viz., as their laws determine.

'*Powers* are perceptible only by exercise after they are made; *things* are perfect as made.

'*Powers* are perfected, or established in their law, only by a schooling of their consent; *things* are under a law, mechanical at the first, having not consent.

'*Powers* can violate the present or nearest harmony, moving disorder in it; *things* are incapable of disorder, save as they are disordered by the malign action of powers.

'*Powers* governed by the absolute fiat of omnipotence, would in that fact be uncreated and cease; *things* exist and act only in and by the impulsion of that fiat.'—Pp. 59, 60.

While dissenting, of course, from the negative view of sin presented in the first point of contrast, we have quoted these as setting forth clearly our author's distinction between nature and the supernatural. Having concluded his parallel, he proceeds to show that powers are the principal magnitudes; and that, taking in the vast outlying populations of the universe, and the varied orders of intelligences dimly revealed in Scripture, we have a supernatural far transcending in greatness and importance all that can be imagined of the natural. Had we space for eulogy, we would have rendered our feeble tribute of praise to our author for the magnificent and beautiful view of the universe he has so extendedly conceived and portrayed.

The fourth chapter discusses 'the problem of existence as related to the fact of evil.' Its perusal profoundly saddened us. Our author here broaches views both unscriptural and unchristian. It is the greatest blemish in his work, and the parent of almost all his other errors. He opens correctly enough, however. He lays down the principle, that '*Powers*, supposing the strict originality of their actions, and regarding them as properly first causes, each of his own,' are not 'subject to any direct control or impulsion of omnipotence.' No limit is thus set to omnipotence. It is only said 'that omnipotence is force, and that nothing in the nature of force is applicable to the immediate direction or determination of powers.' They are only 'manageable in a moral way; that is, by authority, truth, justice, beauty, that which supposes obligation or command,' which again supposes the power of consent or non-consent. Hence 'The possibility of evil appears to be necessarily involved in a realm of powers.' Omnipotence, as they are beyond its

province, cannot prevent their choices, such prevention being their destruction as powers. 'Why, then, should God create such beings?' While holding such a question improper and presumptuous, the answer may be found in God's love to character; in his preference of spiritual beings, capable of reciprocal feelings, to a whole universe of glittering koh-i-noors; and perhaps, though Bushnell does not give it, in that living energy and fulness of life which can only find employment and expression in such a creation (pages 65—68).

So far we are in perfect agreement. Now, however, begins the difference. Evil in a system of powers is inherently possible. Granted. 'And it may, for aught that appears, be the plan itself of God to establish his powers in the right, by allowing them an experiment of the wrong, in which to school their liberty; bringing them up again out of its bitterness, by a delivering process, to shun it with a fixed abhorrence afterwards.' Denied. The theory shall be more fully examined further on. Here we only remark, that 'an experiment of the wrong' is rather a strange school for liberty. Its common result is a deeper bondage, making the will bound slave to the passions. It is seldom the road to 'an intelligent and fixed abhorrence' of evil, its more ordinary effect being to mar and degrade. Had Bushnell being writing now, he would scarcely have used the American Republic as an illustration of how 'so many mixtures of contrarieties and discords' may be reduced to a 'beautiful resultant order and social unity.' He would have seen practically how 'an experiment in the wrong' tends only to propagate wrong; how disturbance lashes itself into wilder confusion, and schools not liberty, but hate. 'Unities of end, or counsel as related to end,' do not relieve the difficulty. It is doing evil that good may come. It is annihilating sin. This, too, our author feels, or what means the question, 'What, then, if powers are able to break loose, and do, *from obligation?*' What! sin is no more sin! 'Partial evil' becomes 'universal good.'

But this is only the critical sketch. The theory has yet to be more fully developed. So here the question is raised, 'What is the great problem of existence as regards the order of powers, or the human race, as such?' Answer: 'Following out the view thus far presented, that it is our perfection; the perfection of our liberty, the schooling of our choice or consent as powers, so that we may be fully established in harmony with God's will and character. If there are any perils in such a trial of their liberty, they are to be set upon such perils' (p. 70). That man, and every other moral being, is exposed to the perilous possibility of sinning, we grant: that he must sin, we deny. 'Nor,' says

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Bushnell, 'will it make any difference if the perils are such as breed the greatest speculative difficulties;' but surely it will make rather a mighty difference if they involve actual contradictions. This training, however, is for society, and must, therefore, be carried on through society. Powers are only complete as social. Their perfection must be such as to qualify them for a place under God as the central and First Power. 'So to be set by him in a consolidated, everlasting kingdom of righteousness, and truth, and love, and peace.' Hence the world becomes a great educational institute; mankind, so many scholars; God the great teacher, and all the agencies, and associations, and fashions, and relations, and virtues, and vices, his lessons. The scheme is magnificent, but unsubstantial. There is truth in it, perhaps truth that has been much neglected. Society is a great arena of conflict. It strengthens and tries, and gives worth to character. It is the crucible that tests the Christian; often, too, the furnace that purifies. But we cannot subscribe to the principle, 'that life thus ordered is a magnificent scheme to bring out the value of law, and teach the necessity of right as the only conserving principle of order and happiness; teaching the more powerfully, if so it must, by disorder and sorrow.' That it may, and often does teach, these lessons, we doubt not; that it was appointed to teach them, our moral nature indignantly denies. But Bushnell has drawn this as a legitimate deduction from his theory, that sin was included in the Divine plan, and therefore along with it must fall to the ground.

Evil, its relation to God, is next stated more fully. Its possibility has been shown. But 'it is very certain that God desires not' its existence. 'When it takes place it will be against his will, and against every attribute of his pure and infinitely beneficent character.' If he permits it, it will not be any otherwise permitted 'than as not being prevented by the non-creation or uncreating of the race.' So far we most heartily respond, Amen. But now for the question of consistency. 'The faith or fact of an eternal plan is not thus excluded.' Otherwise God would be the victim of sin. A censure is passed on the much crude and confused speculation on this subject, and then comes the startling intelligence, 'that God has an eternal plan which includes everything, and puts everything in its proper place.' Sin, too, of course, which is thus included in the Divine plan, and has its proper place. 'That God "fore-ordains whatsoever comes to pass," is only another version of the same truth.' Yet God does not desire sin! It does not exist with his concurrence, though included in his eternal plan!



Strange contradiction, truly, backed by stranger reasoning! He sees the dilemma, and struggles hard to escape its horns. Leibnitz's famous theory, that this is the 'best of all possible worlds,' most conveniently turns up, and Bushnell fastens on it eagerly. He illustrates. A gentleman wishes to found a charity school. He has before him many possible plans. Evil, in a greater or less degree, to every child in the school, is involved in them all. He chooses the best plan; but that renders certain all the evils that will happen under it: he foreordains both the evil and the good. So God, from among the millions of possible worlds, selects the best possible; and when he has actualized this best possible, 'he has also made certain all the evils or mischiefs that seem to be connected with it.' Now, unfortunately for this analogy, there happens to be this very important distinction between the two cases: the man had insufficient materials; God's were sufficient: the constituent elements of the school were already depraved; those of the world were untarnished. Besides, this is a glaring *petitio principii*. The very point in dispute is assumed. How does he know that *this* is the best of all possible worlds? where is the proof? How does he know what was possible to God? Is evil the best path to good? Sinless, not sinful creatures, glorify God most; sinless, not sinful creatures, are most happy; how then, in relation either to God or man, can this world be the best possible? But without further enlarging or elaborating our argument, we urge against this theory the following brief objections:—

1. It renders evil *negative*—nothing more than a mere necessity environing the best plan possible—but we know that it is *positive*.

2. It exculpates man. If evil is necessary, he is blameless.

3. It inculcates God; evil being necessarily in his creation, because involved in his eternal plan.

4. It is inconsistent with God's justice. Evil victimizes man, yet God punishes him for being so victimized.

Therefore our author escapes, by a mere verbal difference, from concluding, with Pope's celebrated epitome of his 'Essay on Man,' 'Whatever is, is right.'

Evil is next considered in its relation to man (p. 77). Reason is found to believe, 'that the certainty of sin is originally involved in our spiritual training as powers.' Given, the fact of begun existence, and 'trial as persons or powers, and they are in a condition privative involving their *certain* lapse into evil.' Such is the extraordinary position our author now assumes. He guards against the error of confounding it with

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any 'positive ground, or cause, or necessity.' In such a case sin would be a natural necessity, not sin. His 'condition privative' is simply a moral state, 'inchoate or incomplete, lacking something not yet reached, which is necessary to the probable rejection of evil.' Here we observe: (1) If an inchoate moral state means the negation of absolute perfection, then must man be always inchoate. God only can be absolutely perfect. (2) If it means the absence of relative perfection—perfection as man—then we deny it. Man was made, according to his own measure, perfect. His will was free: no power in the universe could coerce without destroying it. His conscience was imperial: no power in the universe could annul its obligations. He knew the right. He understood the Divine command, and therefore, we conclude, there was no condition privative involving his certain lapse into evil.

However, this condition privative is discovered in three particulars. Let us examine them in succession.

I. In the necessary defect of knowledge, and consequent weakness of a free person or power, considered as just begun to be. Man, as an intelligent, moral being, has an ideal side to his being, and an empirical. He has the idea of right. To have the idea is to be bound to do it; to do it though the worlds fall upon him. He must also have experience, as without it he can never know how things will handle him, or he handle them. Now, here is Adam with the idea of right, but he has no experience. There is a vast tract of forbidden knowledge. He longs to speed over it. He debates, What is this wrong? what does it signify? He does not ask whether it will bring him good or evil. What these are experimentally he does not know. He must penetrate this secret. How can he abstain? So he falls a victim to his curiosity.

Doubtless there is much truth in all this. Man's lack of knowledge had to do with his fall. But the truth is exaggerated. Man's want of experience did not involve his certain lapse into evil. For,—

1. Does not the fact, that other finite beings, likewise deficient in knowledge, kept their first estate, prove that man might have kept his?

2. Man must always suffer from a like defect, and, therefore, can only escape this condition privative by becoming infinite.

3. Man would know that sin would bring evil, since God had threatened.

4. As God has not experimental knowledge of evil, would not the same argument apply to him?

II. Condition privative. 'As regards the moral perfection of

powers,' it 'is, that they require an empirical training, or course of government, to get them established, is the absolute law of duty; and that this empirical training must probably have a certain adverse effect for a time, before it can mature its results.' A not unnatural inference from this is, that there is a law which is not the absolute law of duty—which is tentative or provocative of failure—and that under it man is placed first. Such is, in fact, our author's position. There is a first law—the letter which killeth—which is put upon man as a break or bridle to tame his spirit. Its sanctions and inflictions tame. He groans for deliverance, and so is prepared for the second, which comes in the person of Christ, and 'offers itself to the choice as a friend and deliverer.' Such an arrangement is found in our domestic administration. The child castigated to obedience becomes the affectionate and sustaining son. This view is implied in the eternal plan—is, indeed, necessary to it—and with it falls to the ground. Observe more particularly: (1) It confounds the moral law with the ceremonial, and makes that which was a consequent of the fall, an antecedent. (2) It assumes that moral and legal are opposed—a thing very common with writers of a certain school—while in their ultimate relations they must harmonize. (3) It implies the imperfection of the first law, therefore of the Giver; therefore, his culpability and man's non-culpability. (4) That the law was a cause or occasion of man sinning. Bushnell's own words are, 'The subject suffers a kind of repulsion, first by the law.' Hence it, or rather its Author, is to blame, not man. (5) That all moral beings pass through a similar process, which is a consequent far too monstrous to be admitted. With such reason shall we hesitate to reject the second condition privative?

III. Condition privative. Man is exposed to the influence of evil spirits. Here little need be said. On the fact of infernal temptation we are agreed. Bushnell's idea of the why and wherefore of temptation, the end it accomplishes, and our final preservation from it, we pass over, to notice one grand and sweeping deduction from his whole theory; that sin has been universal among all created beings. Anticipating that the existence of moral beings unfallen would be urged as an objection to his views, he has boldly advanced, fearlessly accepted the consequences, and published the daring hypothesis, that the whole moral creation lapsed into evil. 'I find,' he says, 'no evidence of any such opinion [*i.e.*, the common one] in the Christian Scriptures' (p. 94). 'They do affirm the existence of good angels, who, for aught that appears, have all been passed through and brought up out of a fall, as the

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redeemed of mankind will be.' Now, on this subject we speak with diffidence. We have felt its difficulty. We have often been perplexed by obstinate questionings on the possibility of a universal fall—if fall, then redemption. Why should God make this insignificant earth the arena on which his most magnanimous action was displayed? Why should man be redeemed, and other spirits, higher in rank and intelligence, be left to perish hopelessly? But without pressing forward such problems for solution, meanwhile we affirm unhesitatingly, that the doctrine of a universal fall receives no countenance or corroboration in Scripture; nay, that it is positively disproved. And, as more negative disproof, we remark,—

1. That the profound silence Scripture observes on it, is very ominous to such a view. If there was a universal fall and recovery, why such thick concealment? Its revelation would have been powerful both as a warning and encouragement: warning, because the rejectors perished; encouragement, because the acceptors were saved. Why then, we ask, is there such studious and invariable silence?

2. Redemption was only possible, so far as I can read Scripture, by the incarnation and death of a Divine being. But this, according to the same authority, has only happened, and only can happen, once.

3. The passages adduced militate against the author's view; Eph. iii. 10, showing not only the '*diversified* wisdom of God,' but that that wisdom accomplished new and hitherto unexpected results—the equitable and honourable salvation of sinners. As to the new song, its newness is not simply to human redemption, but redemption generally, as a new thing. The redeemed's song was new in heaven: such a thing had never been heard there before. As to Jude 6th, he is altogether in error. His interpretation is, that the angels are the 'sons of God' of Genesis vi.; the apostasy mentioned, their apostasy; the ἀρχὴ not a moral condition, but the principate or principality the Sethites left when they went over to the corrupt Cainites. But this interpretation melts before a very slight examination. ἀρχὴ is applied to angels in Eph. i. 21; iii. 10; Col. ii. 10. As for οἰκητήριον meaning only native place or country, and so being inapplicable to celestial beings, it is a sufficient answer to say it is used in 2 Cor. v. 2.: τὸ οἰκητήριον ἡμῶν τὸ ἐξ οὐρανοῦ, 'our house,' or habitation, 'which is from heaven.' Also, Septuagint, Jer. xxv. 30: 'The Lord shall utter his voice from his holy habitation.' Again, the passage does not show their crime, 'going after strange flesh,' as Bushnell

supposes, but their punishment. The argument is, the unbelieving saved out of Egypt were destroyed; so were the rebellious angels; so were the Sodomites; so shall 'those filthy dreamers who defile the flesh,' &c. (ver. 8). As for the other passages adduced, the desire of angels to look into these things, the song at the advent, the things in heaven and earth reconciled, it was the merest trifling to quote, and it would be the same to examine them.

4. Scripture positively disproves a universal fall. 2 Pet. ii. 4: 'The angels that sinned.' Then all did not. Jude 6th: 'Those who kept not their first estate.' Then some kept it. Punishment was immediate on the rebel angels. But all are not now being punished; therefore, all have not fallen.

Hence we deny our author's position. But its fall involves his whole theory of an eternal plan. Because, given a race that has been true in whole or in part, and the foundation on which the conditions privative were built is broken down. And this Bushnell sees, since he closes with the extraordinary interrogation, 'What, then, can we judge, but that there is probably some ground-principle or law, common both to them and to us, that involves them in the same fortunes with us, and requires a method of training and redemption analogous to that which is ordained for men?' Evidently, if our reasoning has been correct, a most serious misjudgment.

Regarding the great argument, that God has, and must have, a system, we offer the following observations:—

1. God, as an infinitely perfect, intellectual, and moral Being, must have a plan or system to guide him; but such plan or system must refer to actions done by himself, and to ends brought about by himself, not by his free, moral creatures.

2. Every system which includes moral beings includes the possibility of revolt.

3. Such revolt must be a breaking away from, or disturbance of the system, or it cannot in any proper sense be one.

4. Such revolt is not a failure of the system, but of those who are free subjects under it.

5. For such revolt they are solely to blame, it being their rising against or disordering the system. Take the paradisaic and Mosaic laws. Neither were constructed to include rebellion, but it existed under both, the subjects having failed, not the laws.

The view of Satan with which this chapter closes, may be disposed of in a few words. He considers the Evil One to be merely a bad possibility because a bad actuality. But (1) Scripture assigns him the position of a person—Matt. xxv. 41; (2)

the attributes of a person, such as speech—Matt. iv. 3; (3) the actions of a person—James iv. 7. How a bad principle can lead and command legions of angels; perform the various scenes in the temptation; be punished, imprisoned, chained; be resisted, defeated, subdued; how it can appropriate the name, actions, influences of a person—it puzzles us to determine. If language can be so used, then it is an instrument for concealing, not revealing, thought.

Let us now close a discussion perhaps unduly prolonged. This, and every other modification of optimism, must always fall before the objection, that sin is made a means of good. We accept not our author's disclaimer here. We would not like to call the chapter we have so largely criticised, Pope's 'Essay on Man' Christianized, but it almost amounts to that. Though a noble effort to

‘assert eternal Providence  
And justify the ways of God to men,’

it is a mournful failure; and we close our long review with the feeling, that had this chapter been omitted, or had it contained other doctrines, the Christian world would have thanked the author for a volume it would not willingly have let die.

Our author, in the fifth chapter, demonstrates the fact of sin. There is nothing in it noticeable; so we pass it without further remark.

In the sixth chapter he traces the consequences of sin. Reviewing it, we feel both pleased and pained. Pleased that the remoter and less exposed ramifications of sin have been searched out. Bushnell has done good service in laying bare, with his keen moral scalpel, the hidden and more intricate pathology of sin. Might we not suggest, that ministers should more frequently expatiate in this scarcely trodden field? Pained at a most serious omission. For Bushnell, sin has no legal consequences: they are never once mentioned here. Indeed, in his theological system they cannot exist. His second condition privative—that the first, or tentative law, intentionally repels its subjects—necessarily annihilates legal consequences. Never penetrating deeper, he fails to grasp sin in its wider and more terrible relations; he fails to comprehend the Christian atonement; and he resolves man's fall, and the gift of God's superabounding grace, into parts and parcels of an eternal plan; being barely saved—and that, by his strong faith in the freedom of the human will, very inconsistently, too—from a scheme of universal necessitation.

The seventh chapter contains a long dissertation on what are



called the 'anticipative consequences of sin.' Its idea is, that sin was typified in the malformations of the geologic eras. Might it not be more properly named, the prophecies of sin? While believing that typical forms exist in nature, it appears to us that Bushnell has unduly pressed them here. Far from speaking dogmatically, we freely confess our utter repugnance to the view, and, indeed, our utter inability, morally, to conceive such a thought as this correct—that the predictive consequences of our sin were written on those animal forms now imbedded in our rocks. The influence of the eternal plan is again seen cropping out here. All things are pre-arranged for man's fall, and it happens in accordance with such pre-arrangement; else, what means this illustration? Whoever plants a state erects a prison, or makes the prison to be a necessary part of his plan; which, though it be erected before any case of felony occurs, is just as truly a consequence of the felonies to be, as if it were erected afterwards, or were a necessary result of such felonies (p. 152). The implied inference is, the earth is likewise a prison prepared beforehand. But this needs important qualifications. No state is intended to be a factory of elons. Prisons are the real, not the anticipative consequences of felony. Had there been no criminals, there had been no prisons. Therefore we deny both the aptness and truth of the illustration. We may summarily dispose of the whole theory thus: (1) Can God—good, wise, and holy—be conceived as capable of deforming his creation on man's account? (2) Would not such preparation involve complicity? (3) Are not such anticipative consequences purposeless? What end would they serve? None, as regards God: he cannot delight in malformed creatures. None, as regards themselves: neither their pleasure nor their usefulness would be increased. None, as regards man. Bushnell says, 'They pictured him to himself.' But why was there no revelation to that effect? Why has it been so long hidden? What was its use to those myriads that have already gone?

Here we close our review, not without a feeling of sadness, that so much noble talent has been directed to the building up a theory unsubstantial but dangerous; not without a feeling akin to pleasure, that we have conscientiously endeavoured to refute what was delusive and false. Having completed this task, we feel disburdened of a duty, because we believe the otherwise high merits of the work may have blinded many to the insidious and dangerous errors we have endeavoured to expose. Dr. Bushnell's theory of sin has enslaved him. All through the work its influence can be traced; forcing him to overlook or exaggerate, to misinterpret or misplace Christian doctrines.

Having done our best to extract its sting, we now leave our author, sure that if ever we return to notice the remainder of his work, it will be, not to censure, but to praise.

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## III.

## GEORGE MAC DONALD'S DAVID ELGINBROD.\*

WE suspect if this book finds itself with a limited audience, it will be a consequence of its very queer title. David Elginbrod was a noble being, whose ideas had, nevertheless, in floating off into the sunshine, somewhat lost their shape; his mind had amplified the horizon, and, which is frequently the case, lost the distinct apprehension of things; but he was a noble peasant. Heresy enough in him, no doubt, for bigotry to set fire to him as a kind of human brushwood, but with thoughts and feelings of a fine spiritual texture and a very divine hue. Still, his name put there at the top of Mr. Mac Donald's title-pages will, we fear, terrify and repel, rather than attract readers; and each volume possesses headings of chapters so much more suitable as well as serviceable as the title for the book. It is a queer story. We see some of our contemporary critics have even called it an absurd story. There can be no doubt it is a strange story, and belonging exactly to the same order of strangeness as the 'Strange Story' of Sir Bulwer Lytton. It deals with the enchantments and the mysteries of modern magnetism; and it will minister to that appetite for ghosts, and haunted chambers, and spectral groves, and echoes, and sounds, which nowadays, dissatisfied with the wonders of old English barons, and mysterious mothers, and 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' still loves to ruminate over the marvellous, and to shiver with the tale of fear. Mesmeric influences and clairvoyant visions flit to and fro through the book. Mr. Mac Donald has considerable power in weird representation. He has fairy blood in him, and we wish, for our part, he had been content to leave his ghostly beings unresolved into common clay, especially as he has really left many intimations unexplained belonging to the

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*David Elginbrod.* By George Mac Donald, M.A., Author of 'Within and Without,' 'Phantastes,' &c. In Three Volumes. London: Hurst & Blackett.

ghostly old Arnstead. We have little doubt that had the book been called 'The Ghost's Walk,' it would have received the attention of a far larger circle of readers than it may be likely to receive from its more unassuming introduction. But there are in it far finer things than those we have either indicated or objected to. The machinery of the tale may be open to much criticism, but the author has made it the vehicle of much beautiful description, and many lessons and thoughts full of the loveliest light of truth and purity. The author is a student of human nature, although not so much upon its harder and more worldly and practical side. The book would have gained greatly by being abridged. Some pages are as full of bad taste and vulgarity as any pages can well be. Mr. Mac Donald never saw the Appleditch family which he has chosen to take as the representative family of modern Independency; and he never knew such an Independent minister as the Rev. Mr. Lixom; and the very chapel he has described as 'a neat little Noah's Ark of a place, built in the shape of a cathedral, and consequently sharing in the general disadvantages to which dwarfs of all kinds are subjected, absurdity included,' and which he has taken as an illustration of the work of chapel-building societies—why, it is all very dishonest and unrighteous. Like all men of his temperament, our author is quite away from his work when he becomes the satirist, and unsuccessful himself as an Independent minister, no doubt, when he thinks of such things: the humour which ought to have been salt to his pages, all suddenly becomes mustard. We have great admiration and more affection for our writer, but it is for those spiritual and tender qualities which lift him into the region of the pensive and meditative seer. When he doubles his fist and puts himself into boxing attitude with our popular and systematic theology, with ecclesiological forms of worship, his passion overcomes him; he reels to and fro, and staggers like the improper persons David spoke about. With some measure of self-doubtfulness he says, indeed, after describing some imaginary Dissenting family, 'I am sick of all this, and doubt if it is worth printing.' We were quite sick of it too, and were quite certain it was not worth the printing. If we could reach the ear of the writer, we would say, Be a good story-teller, and don't do it again, brother. One thing only we do know: to glorify a chapel would never do, either as a work of art, or more especially as a work for the pocket; and perhaps this may be the sufficient view of the intentions of the author.

No; for such a writer it shall not be regarded by us as sufficient. Among writers our author may still, with all that he has done, be regarded as a young man. Everything reveals



rather the promise of his powers than his power. Every work, and this especially, exhibits a want of art, of power over body and form. In some instances, exceptions, this art is perfect ; but hitherto, and here especially, he is greatest in what he suggests and hints, rather than in what he does. One thinks of him as rather a disembodied spirit in his books, than as a power working consciously through forms for effects. His works are informed rather by beauty than by strength. Yet there is abundant evidence here of our author's ability to deal with character. Many of the persons are defined with a sharp individuality of character ; while he truly possesses the great gift of animating his conceptions with soul. The story opens, as it closes, with the scenery of an old fir wood in Scotland, and 'the ingle neuk' of David Elginbrod, the steward upon an estate there ; and that same old farm-house is brought to the reader's eye with a fulness and force which is none the less a photograph of genius because it reminds us rather of Galt than of Scott. And we like our writer's Scotch dialect ; and the discussions which go on by 'the auld hearthstane,' if not much in the way of novel-readers in general, are yet very possible to even the lowliest Scotch firesides, and this was one quite beyond the ordinary. Mr. Mac Donald speaks disrespectfully of Scotland, although himself a Scotchman, and thinks religion is only 'the general inheritance of Scotchmen in virtue of their being brought up upon oatmeal porridge and the Shorter Catechism ;' and very good, and moral, and strengthening diet too, Mr. Mac Donald, both for body and for soul. We suspect, however, woe would betide us if we dared to touch our author's thistle. Mothers only allow their own hands to touch their bairns, and we notice that Scotchmen only allow their own tongues to wag against their country. Well, David Elginbrod and the estate of Turriepuffit furnish the material of the first book ; David Elginbrod being descended from a Bohmenist, and having in his possession the enigmatical 'Aurora' of the immortal shoemaker. A truly pleasant picture we have, over which we cannot dwell in our remarks upon the book. David was 'na quite soun' ;' that is a fact. His theology would not have quite squared with the Shorter Catechism ; and it was quite as well that, good man as he was, he refused to be made elder of his kirk. But he had divine insights and divine restings which sometimes are not the possessions of those who have their catechism most glibly. Neither David nor his biographer, we fancy, quite see, however, always what they are saying ; and some things which are represented as rather wonderfully original discoveries of theology,

are just the common outgrowth of much-despised and flouted Calvinism. Thus says David of the character of God :—

““ Would it be ony kin'ness no to punish sin? No to use a' means to pit awa' the ae ill thing frae us? Whatever may be meant by the place o' meesery, depen' upo't, Mr. Sutherlan', it's only anither form o' love, love shinin' through the fogs o' ill, an' sae gart leuk something verra different thereby. Man, raither nor see my Maggy—an' ye'll no doot 'at I lo'e her—raither nor see my Maggy do an ill thing, I'd see her lyin' deid at my feet. But supposin' the ill thing ance dune, it's no at my feet I wad lay her, but upo' my heart, wi' my auld arms aboot her, to haud the further ill aff o' her. An' shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker? ” ”

And then Margaret, his daughter, she is very like a spirit, and is the good fairy, indeed, of the whole book; her father's own daughter, with rests and insights, too, like her father, and by whom when he dies, which he does before the story advances very far, he speaks still; and this is the only apology for the retaining his name on the title-page of the book. And Margaret is a beautiful creature, a being between Allan Cunningham's Sybil, and Spencer's Una; surely a sweet creature, affections, although without passions; a calm and only too unalloyed creation. She never seems to be capable of sin or of guile. We are, therefore, glad to hear that she was really sick once, which relates her to our poor humanity; for we also have had such qualms. A sort of full-length and more embodied portrait of Wordsworth's Lucy, seems this very lovely lady of nature's own making. And not to say much of Janet, David's wife, who, without any thoughts beyond a good Scotch wify, is well described as love watching labour.

There comes into the house of Turriepuffit, a young tutor, Hugh Sutherland. No; there is no love-making, but very cheerful talking; and, in fact, they all do each other good. And the snow-storm is well painted to us; and Mr. Mac Donald can paint nature's every mood truthfully, and therefore touchingly and well. And Hugh saves the bonny Margaret from certain death in the snow-storm. The family is brought before us when Hugh returns from a distant journey to attend his father's death-bed; and the quotation gives the opportunity of citing one of David's characteristic prayers, very simple and noticeable indeed :—

““ Come yer wa's butt,” said Janet, who met him as he opened the door without any prefatory knock, and caught him with both hands; “ I'm blithe to see yer bonny face ance mair. We're a' jist at ane mair wi' expekin' o' ye.” ”

‘David stood in the middle of the floor, waiting for him.

“‘Come awa’, my bonny lad,” was all his greeting, as he held out a great fatherly hand to the youth, and grasping his in the one, *clapped* him on the shoulder with the other, the water standing in his blue eyes the while. Hugh thought of his own father, and could not restrain his tears. Margaret gave him a still look full in the face, and, seeing his emotion, did not even approach to offer him any welcome. She hastened, instead, to place a chair for him as she had done when first he entered the cottage, and when he had taken it sat down at his feet on her *creepie*. With true delicacy, no one took any notice of him for some time. David said at last,—

“‘An’ hoo’s yer puir mother, Mr. Sutherlan’?”

“‘She’s pretty well,” was all Hugh could answer.

“‘It’s a sair stroke to bide,” said David; “but it’s a gran’ thing whan a man’s won weel throw’t. Whan my father deit, I min’ weel, I was sae prood to see him lyin’ there, in the cauld grandeur o’ deith, an’ no man ’at daured say he ever did or spak the thing ’at didna become him, ’at I jist gloried i’ the mids o’ my greetin’. He was but a puir auld shepherd, Mr. Sutherlan’, wi’ hair as white as the sheep ’at followed him; an’ I wat as they followed him, he followed the great Shepherd; an’ followed an’ followed, till he jist followed Him hame, whaur we’re a’ boun’, an’ some o’ us far on the road, thanks to Him!”

‘And with that David rose, and got down the Bible, and opening it reverently, read with a solemn, slightly tremulous voice, the fourteenth chapter of St. John’s Gospel. When he had finished, they all rose, as by one accord, and knelt down, and David prayed:

“‘O Thou in whase sicht oor deeth is precious, an’ no licht maitter; wha through darkness leads to licht, an’ through deith to the greater life!—we canna believe that thou wouldst gie us ony guid thing, to tak’ the same again; for that would be but bairns’ play. We believe that thou taks, that thou may gie again the same thing better nor afore—mair o’t and better nor we could ha’ received it itherwise; jist as the Lord took himsel’ frae the sicht o’ them ’at lo’ed him weel, that instead o’ bein’ veeisible afore their een, he micht hide himsel’ in their verra herts. Come thou, an’ abide in us, an’ tak’ us to bide in thee; an’ syne gin we be a’ in thee, we canna be that far frae ane anither, though some sud be in haven, an’ some upo’ earth. Lord help us to do oor wark like thy men an’ maidens doon the stair, remin’in’ oursel’s, ’at them ’at we miss hae only gane up the stair, as gin ’twar to haud things to thy han’ i’ thy ain presence-chaumer, whaur we houp to be called or lang, an’ to see thee an’ thy Son, wham we lo’e aboon a’; an’ in his name we say, *Amen!*”

‘Hugh rose from his knees with a sense of solemnity and reality that he had never felt before. Little was said that evening; supper was eaten, if not in silence, yet with nothing that could be called conversation. And, almost in silence, David walked home with Hugh. The spirit of his father seemed to walk beside him. He



felt as if he had been buried with him; and had found that the sepulchre was clothed with green things and roofed with stars—was in truth the heavens and the earth in which his soul walked abroad.'

But the pleasant circle in the farmstead of Turriepuffit is broken up. David Elginbrod dies, and Margaret leaves home to be the companion of an invalid, and Janet still watches the solitary farm fire, and Hugh travels to the downs of Sussex to be the tutor of a lad whose attainments are all in the rear of his years. Arnstead is the name of his new home—a vast, old, many-mullioned, galleried, coridored, and ghost-haunted pile—and here he meets with Euphra, the niece of Mr. Arnold, the master of the mansion. How far to paint such characters with such morbid elaboration of detail may be well, is a question; but of the power of the painting there can be no doubt. Euphra produces exactly on the mind the same weird, shiverish wonder, the same bewitching and befascinating terror, produced by Geraldine in 'Christabel':—

'In the touch of her bosom there worketh a spell;  
But vainly thou warrest,  
For this is alone in  
Thy power to declare,  
That in the dim forest  
Thou heardst a low moaning,  
And found it a bright lady, surpassingly fair.'

Surpassingly fair, perhaps, Euphra was not; but Hugh found her surpassingly bewitching, and he needed quite as much shielding as Christabel. She has fascinated Mr. Mac Donald, apparently, for he devotes far more attention to her than to Margaret, who, like her namesake, had—

'From the evening-lighted wood,  
And from all things outward, won  
A tearful grace, as though she stood  
Between the rainbow and the sun.'

Euphra is a psychologic study; a character like the Elsie Venner of Holmes; a soul in sin, yet in a very purposeless and powerless kind of sin; a soul in pain; a soul beneath the shadow of a strong and bad will—'The cloud around Euphra hid the ghost in its skirts'—a soul at last overwhelmed by its griefs, and sliding along by the pressure of sin upon it, to the very confines of madness, till in desolation she exclaims, when she is asked what David Elginbrod can save her from, 'From no God. If there is no God, then I am sure that there is a devil, and that he has got me in his power. Oh! if I had a God, he would right me, I know.' It is not in our plan to introduce our readers to the mysteries of Arnstead; they would not thank us for that in the reading of the book; but the life at that old house is drawn with great effective-

ness. As a story-teller Mr. Mac Donald has thrown some opportunities away. He would have served his tale by keeping magnetism and its mummeries in the background, or wholly expelling them; and his readers would have forgiven him if he worked with spiritual and ghostly machinery alone. The character of Funkelstein—what a name!—is absurdly drawn: the occasion of his acquiring power over the mind of Euphra, and his purpose in seeking possession of the ring of the ghostly lady Euphrasia. In fact, we do not doubt a careful reading of the manuscript would have led to the reconstruction of some portions of the story, and the accumulation of the particulars to a more effective climax in the chambers of Arnstead. The close of the story itself is pathetic and beautiful.

Some of the most charming passages of the story are descriptions of the way in which the tutor, Hugh Sutherland, struck his shafts down into the mines of knowledge. Our author well says, 'Things themselves should lead to the science of them. If things are not interesting in themselves, how can any amount of knowledge about them be?' And the chapter called 'Geography Point' is admirable. The author indeed fetches 'a tooth-picker from the farthest inch of Asia,' teaching the rudiments of geography without any globes or maps. We will read these few pages together. It may be premised that the little pupil had sad prejudices against learning in general, and geography in particular.

#### GEOGRAPHY POINT.

'Next morning Hugh and Harry went out for a walk to the top of a hill in the neighbourhood. When they reached it, Hugh took a small compass from his pocket, and set it on the ground, contemplating it and the horizon alternately.

"What are you doing, Mr. Sutherland?"

"I am trying to find the exact line that would go through my home," said he.

"Is that funny little thing able to tell you?"

"Yes; this along with other things. Isn't it curious, Harry, to have in my pocket a little thing with a kind of spirit in it, that understands the spirit that is in the big world, and always points to its North Pole?"

"Explain it to me."

"It is nearly as much a mystery to me as to you."

"Where is the North Pole?"

"Look, the little thing points to it."

"But I will turn it away. Oh! it won't go. It goes back and back, do what I will."

"Yes, it will, if you turn it away all day long. Look, Harry, if you were to go straight on in this direction, you would come to a

Laplander, harnessing his broad-horned reindeer to his sledge. He's at it now, I daresay. If you were to go in this line exactly, you would go through the smoke and fire of a burning mountain in a land of ice. If you were to go this way, straight on, you would find yourself in the middle of a forest with a lion glaring at your feet, for it is dark night there now, and so hot! And over there, straight on, there is such a lovely sunset. The top of a snowy mountain is all pink with light, though the sun is down—oh! such colours all about, like fairy land! And there, there is a desert of sand, and a camel dying, and all his companions just disappearing on the horizon. And there, there is an awful sea, without a boat to be seen on it, dark and dismal, with huge rocks all about it, and waste borders of sand—so dreadful!”

“How do you know all this, Mr. Sutherland? You have never walked along those lines, I know, for you couldn't.”

“Geography has taught me.”

“No, Mr. Sutherland!” said Harry, incredulously.

“Well, shall we travel along this line, just across that crown of trees on the hill?”

“Yes, do let us.”

“Then,” said Hugh, drawing a telescope from his pocket, “this hill is henceforth Geography Point, and all the world lies round about it. Do you know we are in the very middle of the earth?”

“Are we, indeed?”

“Yes. Don't you know any point you like to choose on a ball is the middle of it?”

“Oh! yes—of course.”

“Very well. What lies at the bottom of the hill down there?”

“Arnstead, to be sure.”

“And what beyond there?”

“I don't know.”

“Look through here.”

“Oh! that must be the village we rode to yesterday—I forget the name of it.”

Hugh told him the name; and then made him look with the telescope all along the receding line to the trees on the opposite hill. Just as he caught them, a voice beside them said:

“What are you about, Harry?”

Hugh felt a glow of pleasure as the voice fell on his ear.

“It was Euphra's.”

“Oh!” replied Harry, “Mr. Sutherland is teaching me geography with a telescope. It's such fun!”

“He's a wonderful tutor, that of yours, Harry.”

“Yes, isn't he just? But,” Harry went on, turning to Hugh, “what are we to do now? We can't get farther for that hill.”

“Ah! we must apply to your papa, now, to lend us some of his beautiful maps. They will teach us what lies beyond that hill. And then we can read in some of his books about the places; and so go on and on, till we reach the beautiful, wide, restless sea; over which



we must sail in spite of wind and tide—straight on and on, till we come to land again. But we must make a great many such journeys before we really know what sort of a place we are living in; and we shall have ever so many things to learn that will surprise us.”

“Oh! it *will* be nice!” cried Harry.

In his fairy story power, Mr. Mac Donald often deserves to be mentioned with Hans Andersen. Thus, the following: it is a shorter story than some of the same kind lying near to it:—

#### HOW TREES ARE MADE.

‘Hugh read for an hour, and then made Harry put on his cloak, notwithstanding the rain, which fell in a slow thoughtful spring-shower. Taking the boy again on his back, he carried him into the woods. There he told him how the drops of wet sank into the ground, and then went running about through it in every direction, looking for seeds; which were all thirsty little things, that wanted to grow, and could not, till a drop came and gave them drink. And he told him how the rain-drops were made up in the skies, and then came down, like millions of angels, to do what they were told in the dark earth. The good drops went into all the cellars and dungeons of the earth, to let out the imprisoned flowers. And he told him how the seeds, when they had drunk the rain-drops, wanted another kind of drink next, which was much thinner and much stronger, but could not do them any good till they had drunk the rain first.

“What is that?” said Harry. “I feel as if you were reading out of the Bible, Mr. Sutherland.”

“It is the sunlight,” answered his tutor. “When a seed has drunk of the water, and is not thirsty any more, it wants to breathe next; and then the sun sends a long, small finger of fire down into the grave where the seed is lying; and it touches the seed, and something inside the seed begins to move instantly and to grow bigger and bigger, till it sends two green blades out of it into the earth, and through the earth into the air; and then it sends roots down into the earth; and the roots keep drinking water, and the leaves keep breathing the air, and the sun keeps them alive and busy; and so a great tree grows up, and God looks at it, and says it is good.”

“Then they really are living things?” said Harry.

“Certainly.”

“Thank you, Mr. Sutherland. I don’t think I shall dislike rain so much any more.”

A wonderful tutor, indeed; all the boys will wish they had such an one; and we feel ourselves no little grief when the tutor-life fades away, and duties yield to fascinations, and when, in fact, all things take a turn for the worst, and go wrong. Mr. Mac Donald is great in the mysteries of tree talk. Trees to him seem to be full of soul, and character, and presentment; alike when Hugh goes among the forest Titans—huge, old, contorted,

and wizard-like, yet benevolent beings—the old Scotch firs, or when he travels into the wood on his last day at Arnstead.

‘It was a lovely autumn evening. He went into the woods behind the house. The leaves were still thick upon the trees, but most of them had changed to gold, and brown, and red; and the sweet faint odours of those that had fallen, and lay thick underfoot, ascended like a voice from the grave, saying: “Here dwelleth some sadness, but no despair.” As he strolled about among them, the whole history of his past life arose before him. This often happens before any change in our history, and is surest to take place at the approach of the greatest change of all, when we are about to pass into the unknown, whence we came.’

The charm of the mystical is very present to him; so much so, that it seems necessary to remind him, that while all things have, no doubt, their mystical robe and environment, there are some things also which do not need this nervous questioning: they may address us in the words of the song:—

‘Rains fall; suns shine; winds flee;  
Brooks run; yet few know how.  
Do not thou too deeply search,  
Why thou lovest me now.  
Why ask, when joy doth smile,  
From what bright heaven it fell?  
*Men mar the beauty of their dreams,  
By tracing their source too well.*

And what a cabinet and repertory of sweet, suggestive things these volumes are, the following may show:—

#### LOVE OF APPROBATION.

‘Not acceptable to himself, he had the greater desire to be acceptable to others; and so reflect the side-beams of a false approbation on himself—who needed true light and would be ill-provided for with any substitute. For a man who is received as a millionaire can hardly help feeling like one at times, even if he knows he has overdrawn his banker’s account. The necessity to Hugh’s nature of *feeling* right, drove him to this false mode of producing the false impression. If one only wants to *feel* virtuous, there are several royal roads to that end.’

#### A THUNDER-STORM.

‘The storm came nearer and nearer; till at length a vivid flash broke from the mass of darkness over the woods, lasted for one brilliant moment, and vanished. The thunder followed, like a pursuing wild beast, close on the traces of the vanishing light; as if the darkness were hunting the light from the earth, and bellowing with rage that it could not overtake and annihilate it.’

THE TRANSCENDENTALISM OF THE AFFECTIONS.

‘For love is jealous of the past as well as of the future. Love, as well as metaphysics, has a lasting quarrel with time and space: the lower love fears them, while the higher defies them.’

THE VOICE OF SONG WITHOUT THE HEART OF SONG.

‘No doubt she sang it quite correctly; but there was no religion in it. Not a single tone worshipped or rejoiced. The quality of sound necessary to express the feeling and thought of the composer was lacking: the palace of sound was all right constructed, but of wrong material. Euphra, however, was quite unconscious of failure. She did not care for the music; but she attributed her lack of interest in it to the music itself, never dreaming that, in fact, she had never really heard it, having no inner ear for its deeper harmonies.’

SIMPLICITY.

‘Every simple mind has a little well of beauty somewhere in its precincts, which flows and warbles, even when the owner is unheeding.’

THE LIMITATION OF OUR FACULTIES.

‘But though knowledge is good for man, foreknowledge is not so good.’

‘And, though Love be good, a tempest of it in the brain will not ripen the fruits like a soft steady wind, or waft the ships home to their desired haven.’

THE MOST PRECIOUS THOUGHT OF ALL.

‘For to have been thought about—born in God’s thoughts—and then made by God, is the dearest, grandest, most precious thing in all thinking.’

A VOICE.

‘Euphra’s manner was quite collected and kind; yet through it all a consciousness showed itself, that the relation which had once existed between them had passed away for ever. In her voice there was something like the tone of wind blowing through a ruin.’

TRUTH.

‘Now there seemed to be truth between them, the only medium through which beings can unite.’

THE NEXT THING.

‘It is a happy thing for us that this is really all we have to concern ourselves about—what to do *next*. No man *can* do the second thing. He can do the first. If he omits it, the wheels of the social Juggernaut roll over him, and leave him more or less crushed behind. If he does it, he keeps in front, and finds room to do the next again; and so he is sure to arrive at something, for the onward march will



carry him with it. There is no saying to what perfection of success a man may come, who begins with what he can do, and uses the means at his hand. He makes a vortex of action, however slight, towards which all the means instantly begin to gravitate. Let a man but lay hold of something—anything, and he is in the high road to success—though it may be very long before he can walk comfortably in it.—It is true the success may be measured out according to a standard very different from his.’

#### THE WAY OF PEACE.

‘We can never be at peace till we have performed the highest duty of all—till we have arisen, and gone to our Father.’

#### A CHEERFUL VIEW OF DEATH.

“What a thing it must be, Mr. Sutherland, for a man to break out of the choke-damp of a typhus fever into the clear air of the life beyond!”

Every reader will find many pages full of other things as bright as these caskets of pearls. These are some of the lines we set our mark against in reading.

We shall not close the notice of these volumes without a few words of reference to the previous works of the author; one of the most hopeful of the younger generation of our living writers. His efforts in the region of pure fancy would place him, in Germany, by the side of Chamisso, or De La Motte Fouque; and his poems, while they are not of the highest order, or the highest of his efforts, occupy their very distinct place; they are pervaded by a very pensive, if not sacred power. The poems especially, are evidently the broodings and the musings of man, himself very near, by feebleness of health, to the great territory of invisible mysteries. It is not merely thoughtful poetry; but it is what we call pensive, shaded by a deep and pleasant egoism and subjectiveness. How truly this is the case with one called—

#### ‘MY HEART.

‘I heard, in darkness, on my bed, the beating of my heart,  
To servant feet and regnant head a common life impart,  
By the liquid cords, in every thread unbroken as they start.

‘Night, with its power to silence day, filled up my lonely room;  
All motion quenching, save what lay beyond its passing doom,  
*Where in his shed the workman gay went on despite the gloom.*

‘I listened, and I knew the sound, and the trade that he was plying;  
For backwards, forwards, bound and bound, ’twas a shuttle, flying, flying;  
*Weaving ever life’s garment round, till the web go out with sighing.*

- 'I said, O mystic thing, thou goest on working in the dark ;  
In space's shoreless sea thou rowest, concealed within thy bark ;  
All wondrous things thou, wonder, showest, yet dost not any mark.
- 'For all the world is woven by thee, besides this fleshly dress ;  
With earth and sky thou clothest me, form, distance, loftiness ;  
A globe of glory spouting free around the visionless.
- 'For when thy busy efforts fail, and thy shuttle moveless lies,  
They will fall from me, like a veil from before a lady's eyes ;  
As a night-perused, just-finished tale in the new daylight dies.
- 'But not alone dost thou unroll the mountains, fields, and seas,  
A mighty, wonder-painted scroll, like the Patmos mysteries ;  
*Thou mediator 'twixt my soul and higher things than these.*
- 'In holy ephod clothing me thou makest me a seer ;  
In all the lovely things I see, the inner truths appear ;  
And the deaf spirit without thee no spirit-word could hear.
- 'Yet though so high thy mission is, and thought to spirit brings,  
*Thy web is but the chrysalis, where lie the future wings,*  
Now growing into perfectness by thy inwoven things.
- 'Then thou, God's pulse, wilt cease to beat ; but His heart will still beat on,  
Weaving another garment meet, if needful for his son ;  
And sights more glorious, to complete the web thou hast begun.'

Perhaps Mr. Mac Donald would see more if he looked longer in one direction ; or rather, perhaps, he would acquire more power, so as to make his words immediate conductors to his readers. We regret sometimes that the things which might have been, with a little more care, very powerful, are only very pretty. It is so with the following most happy little thought ; but while it is very likely that it would be spoiled now by any attempt to recast it, it is easy to perceive how it wants only the additional touch and tension to make it palpitate with power :—

'IF I WERE A MONK, AND THOU WERT A NUN.

- 'If I were a monk, and thou wert a nun,  
Pacing it wearily, wearily,  
From chapel to cell till day were done,  
Wearily, wearily.  
Oh ! how would it be with these hearts of ours,  
That need the sunshine, and smiles, and flowers ?
- 'To prayer, to prayer, at the matins' call,  
Morning foul or fair ;  
Such prayer as from lifeless lips may fall—  
Words, but hardly prayer ;  
Vainly trying the thoughts to raise,  
Which, in the sunshine, would burst in praise.

- 'Thou, in the glory of cloudless noon,  
     The God revealing,  
 Turning thy face from the boundless boon,  
     Painfully kneeling;  
 Or in thy chamber's still solitude,  
 Bending thy head o'er the legend rude.
- 'I, in a cool and lonely nook,  
     Gloomily, gloomily,  
 Poring over some musty book,  
     Thoughtfully, thoughtfully;  
 Or on the parchment margin unrolled,  
 Painting quaint pictures in purple and gold.
- 'Perchance in slow procession to meet,  
     Wearily, wearily,  
 In an antique, narrow, high-gabled street,  
     Wearily, wearily;  
 Thy dark eyes lifted to mine, and then  
 Heavily sinking to earth again.
- 'Sunshine and air! warmth and spring!  
     Merrily, merrily!  
 Back to its cell each weary thing,  
     Wearily, wearily!  
 And the heart so withered, and dry, and old,  
 Most at home in the cloister cold.
- 'Thou on thy knees at the vespers' call,  
     Wearily, wearily;  
 I looking up on the darkening wall,  
     Wearily, Wearily;  
 The chime so sweet to the boat at sea,  
 Listless and dead to thee and me!
- 'Then to the lone couch at death of day,  
     Wearily, wearily;  
 Rising at midnight again to pray,  
     Wearily, wearily;  
 And if through the dark those eyes looked in,  
 Sending them far as a thought of sin.
- 'And then, when thy spirit was passing away,  
     Dreamily, dreamily;  
 The earth-born dwelling returning to clay,  
     Sleepily, sleepily;  
 Over thee held the crucified Best,  
 But no warm face to thy cold cheek pressed.
- 'And when my spirit was passing away,  
     Dreamily, dreamily;  
 The grey head lying 'mong ashes grey,  
     Sleepily, sleepily;  
 No hovering angel-woman above,  
 Waiting to clasp me in deathless love.



‘ But now, beloved, thy hand in mine,  
 Peacefully, peacefully ;  
 My arm around thee, my lips on thine,  
 Lovingly, lovingly,—  
 Oh ! is not a better to us given  
 Than wearily going alone to heaven ? ’

The weakness of Mr. Mac Donald is just where his beauty is : it is in his self-consciousness. It is not an approbative self-consciousness ; it is not vanity ; but it is sensibility that ever turns the nerve within. The most hopeful sign in his new work is, that it has less of this. There is no mark in all this of a low, or little, or mean, or vain man ; simply of the man who looks outward and finds the reflection of himself, rather than inward to find the reflection of all things. Mr. Mac Donald has known much illness and sorrow. A languid and feeble frame tenanted by a meditative mind, is very likely to read things thus, even in search for the consolations and lenitives of pain. Almost all his poems therefore become confessions. Thus it is with—

THE DREAM OF THE THREE CROSSES.

‘ I lay and dreamed. Three crosses stood  
 Amid the gloomy air.  
 Two bore two men—one was the Good ;  
 The third rose waiting, bare.  
 ‘ A Roman soldier, coming by,  
 Mistook me for the third ;  
 I lifted up my asking eye  
 For Jesus’ sign or word.  
 ‘ I thought He signed that I should yield,  
 And give the error way.  
 I held my peace ; no word revealed,  
 No gesture uttered *nay*.  
 ‘ Against the cross a scaffold stood,  
 Whence easy hands could nail  
 The doomed upon that altar-wood,  
 Whose fire burns slow and pale.  
 ‘ Upon this ledge he lifted me.  
 I stood all thoughtful there,  
 Waiting until the deadly tree  
 My form for fruit should bear.  
 ‘ Rose up the waves of fear and doubt,  
 Rose up from heart to brain ;  
 They shut the world of vision out,  
 And thus they cried amain :  
 ‘ “ Ah me ! my hands—the hammer’s knock—  
 The nails—the tearing strength ! ”  
 My soul replied : “ ’Tis but a shock,  
 That grows to pain at length.”

- ‘ “Ah me ! the awful fight with death ;  
The hours to hang and die ;  
The thirsting gasp for common breath,  
That passes heedless by ! ”
- ‘ My soul replied : “ A faintness soon  
Will shroud thee in its fold ;  
The hours will go,—the fearful noon  
Rise, pass—and thou art cold.
- ‘ “ And for thy suffering, what to thee  
Is that ? or care of thine ?  
Thou living branch upon the tree  
Whose root is the Divine !
- ‘ “ ’Tis His to care that thou endure ;  
That pain shall grow or fade ;  
With bleeding hands hang on thy cure,  
He knows what He hath made.”
- ‘ And still, for all the inward wail,  
My foot was firmly pressed ;  
*For still the fear lest I should fail  
Was stronger than the rest.*
- ‘ And thus I stood, until the strife  
The bonds of slumber brake ;  
I felt as I had ruined life,  
Had fled, and come awake.
- ‘ Yet I was glad, my heart confessed,  
The trial went not on ;  
Glad likewise I had stood the test,  
As far as it had gone.
- ‘ And yet I fear some recreant thought,  
Which now I all forget,  
That painful feeling in me wrought  
Of failure lingering yet.
- ‘ And if the dream had had its scope,  
I might have fled the field ;  
*But yet I thank Thee for the hope,  
And think I dared not yield.*’

Experiences and confessions : this is what we call Mr. Mac Donald's poems. Their egoistic fulness is their beauty. We greatly fear that the circulation of these poems has not been very encouraging. They have not, we believe, reached a second edition yet. But if poetry have any worth in sounding the depths of the soul, or in speaking to the soul, then these poems have that worth. They are real bridges of words, on which souls meet and commune. And they especially are hints from the memory of the man which serve to convey hopes through pictures to the heart. And Mr. Mac Donald can write poetry which is strength and light : thus the remembrance of a day on the hills comes to him, and meditation takes up the strain.

- ‘ For I am always climbing hills, and ever passing on,  
Hoping on some high mountain peak to find my Father’s throne ;  
For hitherto I’ve only found his footsteps in the stone.
- ‘ And in my wanderings I have met a spirit child like me,  
Who laid a trusting hand in mine, so fearlessly and free,  
That so together we have gone, climbing continually.
- ‘ For they are near our common home ; and so in trust we go,  
Climbing and climbing on and on, whither we do not know ;  
Not waiting for the mournful dark, but for the dawning slow.
- ‘ Clasp my hand closer yet, my child,—a long way we have come !  
Clasp my hand closer yet, my child,—for we have far to roam,  
Climbing and climbing, till we reach our heavenly Father’s home.’

So also the following lines of a prayer :—

‘ But what lies dead in me, yet lives  
In Thee, whose Parable is—Time,  
And Worlds, and Forms, and Sound that gives  
Words and the music-chime.

\* \* \* \*

‘ “ And in this dream, our brother’s gone  
Up-stairs ; he heard our father call ;  
For one by one we go alone,  
Till he has gathered all.”

‘ Father, in joy our knees we bow ;  
This earth is not a place of tombs :  
We are but in the nursery now ;  
They in the upper rooms.

\* \* \* \*

‘ Are no days creeping softly on  
Which I should tremble to renew ?  
I thank thee, Lord, for what is gone—  
Thine is the future too.

‘ And are we not at home in Thee,  
And all this world a visioned show ;  
That knowing what *Abroad* is, we  
What *Home* is, too, may know ?’

We did not commence this article especially intending to refer to the poems of our author. Although too much neglected, we have cited lengthily, because we believe the volume will be unknown to most of our readers, and we are desirous that they should be well known. We shall only quote once more : a little deeply wise poem called—

‘ BETTER THINGS.

‘ Better to smell a violet,  
Than sip the careless wine ;  
Better to list one music tone,  
Than watch the jewels’ shine.



- ' Better to have the love of one,  
Than smiles like morning dew ;  
Better to have a living seed  
Than flowers of every hue.
- ' Better to feel a love within,  
Than be lovely to the sight ;  
Better a homely tenderness  
Than beauty's wild delight.
- ' Better to love than be beloved,  
Though lonely all the day ;  
Better the fountain in the heart,  
Than the fountain by the way.
- ' Better a feeble love to God,  
Than for woman's love to pine ;  
Better to have the making God  
Than the woman made divine.
- ' Better be fed by mother's hand,  
Than eat alone at will ;  
Better to trust in God, than say :  
My goods my storehouse fill.
- ' Better to be a little wise  
Than learned overmuch ;  
Better than high are lowly thoughts,  
For truthful thoughts are such.
- ' Better than thrill a listening crowd,  
Sit at a wise man's feet ;  
But better teach a child, than toil  
To make thyself complete.
- ' Better to walk the realm unseen,  
Than watch the hour's event ;  
Better the smile of God alway,  
Than the voice of men's consent.
- ' Better to have a quiet grief  
Than a tumultuous joy ;  
Better than manhood, age's face,  
If the heart be of a boy.
- ' Better the thanks of one dear heart,  
Than a nation's voice of praise ;  
Better the twilight ere the dawn,  
Than yesterday's mid-blaze.
- ' Better a death when work is done,  
Than earth's most favoured birth ;  
Better a child in God's great house  
Than the king of all the earth.'

Passing by 'Within and Without,' we yet cannot lay down our pen without some reference to the author's most extraordinary prose poem, called 'Phantastes ;' nonsense, no doubt, to many readers, but not to any able to enjoy 'Undine,' or 'The Elves of Tieck,' or 'The Shadowless Man,' or charming shadows

on the wall, like Hans Andersen. 'Phantastes,' like 'David Elginbrod,' is unfortunate in its name; and so five hundred persons might take up the book, as the 'Clever Cutting' might be taken up, with no suspicion that it must be held to the wall, and some light from the reader's intelligence be given to it, that all the marvellousness of the history of a soul might start into view. It is a larger 'Story without an End,' the story of Anodos, a name answering pretty much to our well-known *Excelsior*. We have often thought what a book this would be for the artist who should be able to illustrate it. It is the travels of the ascending and advancing soul through all the regions of fairy-land, wonder-land; through the forests, with their mysterious tree-talk—the trustful oak and elm, and tender and yearning beech—by the whisperings of the changeful birch, and the dark ash and alder: the 'trees which all had a meaning look about them.' It is the picture of a human life; and Anodos, as he passed by, heard the flowers saying to each other, 'Look at him! look at him! he has begun the story without a beginning, and it will never have an end. Look at him!' It would be a very pleasant thing to us to translate the meaning of 'Phantastes': how he brought the lady from the marble, who only, however, sprang from her trance to elude him; for man ennobles nature with life, but finds, in doing so, neither response nor consolation; still the first dear dream of his life is the birth of beauty, and then from hence he is met by the knightly horseman, calling him to the truth of things: how the white lady of the marble is often lost, and man is befooled by the falsehood and cruelty of things, and so becomes the victim of vice and of shame when he supposed himself the follower of the lovely and the beautiful. It is often said, that poets are wiser than they know; but sometimes, as in this volume, a succession of significances point to the key of the enigma. When Anodos comes to the clearing of the forest, where stood the low hut, leaning against the cypress—the windowless hut, within which sat the woman reading the ancient volume by the lamp—and within the room the inner door, towards which Anodos approached, and laid his hand on the rude latch, then the woman spoke, but without lifting her head, or looking: 'You had better not open that door.' But the door was opened, and then, suddenly, as if running fast from a far distance to this very point, a dark figure sped.

"I told you," said the woman, "you had better not look into that closet."

"What is it?" I said, with a growing sense of horror.

"It is only your shadow that has found you," she replied.

"*Everybody's shadow is ranging up and down looking for him. I believe you call it by a different name in your world: yours has found you, as every person's is almost certain to do who looks into that closet, especially after meeting one in the forest, whom I dare say you have met.*"

Our consciousness is our shadow ; our diseased self-consciousness. We find this through forbidden knowledge : it is the curse of inquisitiveness and curiosity. Henceforth all happiness exists in relation to it ; and when Anodos meets again the knightly one, what seems most enviable, in his strength and his repose, is, that 'He had not entered the dark house ; he had not had time to open the closet door. "Will he ever look in ?" I said to myself. "*Must his shadow find him some day ?*"' An extraordinary episode in the story is that of the magic mirror. 'All mirrors,' says the poet, 'are magic mirrors. The commonest room is a room in a poem when I turn to the glass.' It is the story of Cosmo : it is the story of the way in which Faerie invades the world of men, and sometimes startles the common eye. But Faerie is always doing this. Cosmo became possessed of a mirror—a wonderful mirror—but he did not know its wonders ; but, as he stood before it at night, he feared the reflections of the objects in his own room. 'I should like to live in that room,' said he, 'if I only could get into it ;' and scarcely had he muttered the words, when the graceful form of a woman, clothed in white, stepped into the mirror. But when he turned to his own room, it was vacant ; she was not there. Nightly she visited the mirror, and, at last, he compelled her from the glass. 'Why,' said she, 'dost thou bring a poor maiden through the rainy streets alone ?' and he had won the lady, but he had to break the mirror. *So, no doubt, the mirror is the imagination, the lady the creature of the imagination ; but the possession of the ideal is reality, and the ideal is destroyed.*

Another notable spot : Anodos alighted upon another cottage. 'It is noticeable that most of the buildings I saw in Fairy Land were cottages ;' and the cottage was inhabited by a woman 'with a countenance older than any countenance I had ever looked upon ;' but her eyes were very young. She said 'Welcome,' and 'a wondrous sense of refuge and repose came upon me.'

'I felt like a boy who has got home from school, miles across the hills, through a heavy storm of wind and snow. Almost, as I gazed on her, I sprang from my seat to kiss those old lips. And when, having finished her cooking, she brought some of the dish she had prepared, and set it on a little table by me, covered with a snow-white cloth, I could not help laying my head on her bosom, and



bursting into happy tears. She put her arms round me, saying, "Poor child; poor child!"

She sang an amazing store of old ballads, and, among others, these charming words:—

'Alas, how easily things go wrong!  
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,  
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,  
And life is never the same again.  
'Alas, how hardly things go right!  
'Tis hard to watch in a summer night,  
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,  
And the summer night is a winter day.'

From this little hut open the doors of Sighs, and Dismay, and Love, and Sorrow, and the door of the Timeless. Here is the entrance of the Door of Dismay:—

'Then I walked up to the door of Dismay, and opened it, and went out. And lo! I came forth upon a crowded street, where men and women went to and fro in multitudes. I knew it well; and, turning to one hand, walked sadly along the pavement. Suddenly I saw approaching me, a little way off, a form well known to me (*well-known!*—alas, how weak the word!) in the years when I thought my boyhood was left behind, and shortly before I entered the realm of Fairy Land. Wrong and Sorrow had gone together, hand-in-hand, as it is well they do. Unchangeably dear was that face. It lay in my heart as a child lies in its own white bed; but I could not meet her.

"'Anything but that,'" I said; and, turning aside, sprang up the steps to a door, on which I fancied I saw the mystic sign. I entered—not the mysterious cottage, but her home. I rushed wildly on, and stood by the door of her room.

"'She is out,'" I said, "I will see the old room once more."

'I opened the door gently, and stood in a great solemn church. A deep-toned bell, whose sounds throbbed and echoed and swam through the empty building, struck the hour of midnight. The moon shone through the windows of the clerestory, and enough of the ghostly radiance was diffused through the church to let me see, walking with a stately, yet somewhat trailing and stumbling step, down the opposite aisle, for I stood in one of the transepts, a figure dressed in a white robe, whether for the night, or for that longer night which lies too deep for the day, I could not tell. Was it she? and was this her chamber? I crossed the church, and followed. The figure stopped, seemed to ascend as it were a high bed, and lay down. I reached the place where it lay, glimmering white. The bed was a tomb. The light was too ghostly to see clearly, but I passed my hand over the face and hands and the feet, which were all bare. They were cold—they were marble, but I knew them. It grew dark. I turned to retrace my steps, but found, ere long, that I

had wandered into what seemed a little chapel. I groped about, seeking the door. Everything I touched belonged to the dead. My hands fell on the cold effigy of a knight who lay with his legs crossed and his sword broken beside him. He lay in his noble rest, and I lived on in ignoble strife. I felt for the left hand and a certain finger; I found there the ring I knew: he was one of my own ancestors. I was in the chapel over the burial vault of my race. I called aloud: "If any of the dead are moving here, let them take pity upon me, for I, alas! am still alive; and let some dead woman comfort me, for I am a stranger in the land of the dead, and see no light." A warm kiss alighted on my lips through the dark. And I said, "The dead kiss well; I will not be afraid." And a great hand was reached out of the dark, and grasped mine for a moment, mightily and tenderly. I said to myself: "The veil between, though very dark, is very thin."

Who can doubt that the ancient woman with the kind, youthful eyes, is that sad Dame Experience?

And now our space will not allow us to follow this neglected gem of genius further. It is a book full of wealth of conception and of language. We hope yet to see it as popular as 'Hyperion' or as 'Undine'; and we now take our leave of Mr. Mac Donald, thanking him for the frequent rich delight he has afforded us, and imploring him not to condescend to knead leaven for bigots, or to do the work of a mere bilious satirist, but to give his noble powers their full scope in the kingdoms of truth and imagination.

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## IV.

## THE CHARITIES OF LONDON.\*

A MANUAL of the charitable, religious, and educational institutions of a public character in the metropolis has been compiled under the above title by Mr. Low, for the reference alike of those who desire to aid the institutions, and of those who stand in need of the assistance provided by them. The present publication, which purports to be a third edition, gives accounts of the associations existing in 1861, abridged from their respective prospectuses. It is inscribed to the memory of the Prince Consort, to whom former editions were dedicated, and very suitably so, on account of both the importance of the subject and the character of the Prince. The relief of the poor when in circumstances of special suffering, and the improvement of their condition generally, are matters upon which the prosperity of a nation very greatly depends, and which excite in an individual an interest proportionate to his moral worth.

In contrast with the beneficent spirit so strikingly evidenced by the subscriptions of various kinds appearing in each day's newspaper, there is a disposition among some persons, who are free from the sufferings and temptations of destitution, to regard failure and poverty only as the results of blundering and crime; results which it is therefore as well to leave undisturbed, as being merited punishments and salutary warnings. This is only a varied expression of the idea which successful men are so sorely tempted to entertain, that their prosperity is to be attributed simply to their own wisdom and worth, forgetting the advantages with which many of them started, and some of the means, it may be, by which certain of them have progressed. Among the varied elements of prosperity, there are some that are accidental, some that are meritorious, and (copy-slips to the contrary notwithstanding) some that are mean and bad. Presuming an equality of natural abilities, affluence or poverty may often be traced respectively to industry or laziness, but often also to chicanery or simple truthfulness, assurance or modesty, vigorous health or debility, selfishness or generosity, family interest or the want of it, a lucky introduction or a

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\* *The Charities of London in 1861.* By Sampson Low, jun. London: Low, Son, & Co.



sudden mishap, judicious toadying or manly independence, the detraction of rivals or fair competition, the good-will of a generous patron or the chilling repression of a selfish employer, the possibility of independent ventures and temporary sacrifices or the caution compelled by the dependence of relatives, a carefully fostered youth or an unfriended orphanhood. The man's perceptions must be clouded indeed, or his observations most limited, who does not see that, in this chequered world, we meet with constant opportunities and just calls to indulge in what Cowper so beautifully characterized as 'the *luxury* of doing good,' the one pleasure that never palls.

The extinct *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, which some will remember for its early political influence, and some for the tarnish which preceded its fall, may also be recollected for those letters of Mr. Mayhew upon 'Labour and the Poor,' with which the public was startled about thirteen years ago, and which proved the general truthfulness of the saying, that one-half of the world knows nothing of how the other half lives. These letters told us of the daily scramble of thousands of labourers at the gates of the docks, and at the wharves in London, for a day's or even an hour's work, and of the struggles of costermongers for the barest subsistence. They told us, above all, of poor needlewomen, from whose tales 'we scarcely dare turn with unmoistened eyes; from the stories of the maddened mother prostituting herself for her child's bread; of young girls forced to eke out wages thus for the dear life's sake, and yet loathing it in their hearts, flying from it on the first opportunity;' of the brace-maker, the worst paid of all; of slop-shirt making; of even the drawn-bonnet making of that day, through which two middle-aged women, though working during half the year from eighteen to twenty hours a day (including Sundays) at this higher class needlework, were able to obtain, after payment of rent, only just so much of clothing, food, and firing, as could be purchased at the rate of twopence-halfpenny each per day, on the average of the twelvemonth, prices falling year by year, and health failing week by week, rarely recruited by a day of rest as a transient foretaste of a rest to come. At such tales of suffering, the cheeks of many, if not of all of us, may well have been scorched with shame. There are masters who make the magnitude of their business—their willing monopoly of this world's good fortune—an excuse for petulant insults to their shopmen or their clerks; and there are mistresses who, out of paltry nothings in connection with their comforts and their luxuries, make scourges for their servants and themselves. Yet there are

some of these, and there are thousands of others, who are willing to heed and help the poor and the destitute ; but their charitable feelings require to be occasionally excited into quicker action by a recital of the work to be done, and of the agencies by which it may be accomplished.

And is there less need now than there was thirteen years ago for these subjects to be brought before them ? or, has not the necessity even increased ? Is it without cause that the long lists of appeals appear daily in the newspaper ? Our doctors, our clergy, our servants, our city missionaries, are able to tell us very differently. Referring again to the river-side for an illustration, we saw that during last summer a coroner's jury dictated the following sad epitaph upon a coal-whipper aged 63 : ' Death from exhaustion from a hard day's work, and want of food.' Truly a double curse was here : he did not live by the sweat of his brow, kind reader, he died of it. A ganger of coal-whippers in the Pool, stated he had employed the poor man for a day because he understood he had been in a state of starvation for two or three days previously. He would never apply to the parish for relief, preferring to go without food all day. Very stupid, some one will say, but we think that one or both of two things were proved in his case as in many others : the one, that there is a wonderful nobility of character in some of the poorest Englishmen ; the other, that there is a great want of Government check or independent supervision of parochial authorities in their administration of the poor law. To return, however, to the poor man. He whipped five or six tons of coal without either food or drink, and then nature was all used up, and he fell back and died. Another coal-whipper who knew his state, gave evidence that he could not assist him because he was frequently as badly off himself, and had often to whip coals upon only a drink of water. On the other hand, if we turn again to the poor needlewomen, we see them sinking lower and lower, and the ' Song of the Shirt ' is a deeper wail than before. The sewing-machine will doubtless be improved to an extent that will render its adoption still more general ; and it must be welcomed as all useful inventions should be, as good and profitable in the end. But the revolution which it meanwhile makes in the calling of the poor needlewomen is very terrible. There always have been too many of them ; for the needle, which is woman's first task, is her last resource. In an establishment where, two years ago, two hundred women were engaged to work, only some forty are now kept, including young girls who are found to be able to prepare the work for a number of sewing-machines. The displaced

women must often hover about the workhouse steps, and scramble to get in for a night's lodging and some bread; for this they pick their oakum, and they must afterwards adapt their fingers as well as they can to any chance needlework they may be able to obtain. No wonder that they prefer a lodging elsewhere, if, to tide over the night, they can get enough for a loaf and a bed—we have known more to be declined—from some one who has not braced his mind to the conclusion, that from the excellence of the poor law machinery, every beggar must be a drunkard or a rogue.

To persons in this state of destitution the workhouse and voluntary charity are the two resources left. Of the former we shall only speak by way of introduction to the latter—viz., voluntary charity—not limiting this to the common meaning of giving money to those who ask, but including in it the multitudinous schemes of those societies which have been set on foot for benefiting the poor and the suffering, and which, though we might admit to be perhaps injurious here, and extravagant there, and even now and then a little pharisaical, are yet, upon the whole, the salt of the earth, and the noblest fruits of the civilization of which we so often boast.

The relief of the poor has long been made a legal obligation; and it has been acknowledged that aged paupers are entitled to some favourable consideration when no longer capable of continuing the labour which has conduced to the good of society certainly not less than to their own. The reign of Elizabeth is generally known as the period when the poor laws were enacted, very much in their present form. Although the duty of the State to prevent the starvation of the poor had been to some extent recognised in earlier reigns, the humanity of the legislature had not attained any signal growth, for the punishments enacted in the earlier part of her reign for beggars and vagrants included 'a grievous whipping, and branding with a hot iron, of the compass of an inch about, in the gristles of their ears,' and even death. Through all the changes in these laws for worse and for better, from her time till the present, the great difficulty has been that of distinguishing the unfortunate from the idler. Enactments which are necessarily framed with a view to exclude the lazy from the aid to which the helpless are entitled, will inevitably lead to some harsh treatment of the latter, and to a niggardliness in the relief which is extended to them. Poor law officials themselves, when closely questioned, have admitted it to be more than possible that some of the poor will prefer absolute starvation to the circumstances attendant upon workhouse relief. It is known, too, that those persons who have suffered the



greatest reverses, and who, from previous payment of poor rates, have, we will not say the strongest, but certainly the most obvious claim to relief, are just those who will endure the longest and greatest privation rather than apply for parish assistance. Nor can it be otherwise until the present barbarous labour tests are modified, so as to comprehend several kinds of work, from which one may be selected in the case of each applicant which shall be somewhat akin to his previous occupation. Surely a little distinction should be made between the employment of criminals and that of our paupers; and the workhouse should, even for the casual poor, be made preferable to the prison, instead of being often considered by them as rather the worse of the two. But even assuming the general correction of this most inexcusable defect in the practical application of the poor laws, there would yet remain the painful circumstance that in parish relief no distinction can be made between the worthy and the vicious, or between those who have deservedly sunk into poverty and those whose misfortunes can scarcely be traced to any fault of theirs. All must herd together; and the well-disposed must be shocked or contaminated by the society of the bad. This is a sore trial, which will ever stand in the way of the most deserving of the poor; and it is for beneficent societies, through special agency, and by tests of their own, to supply the shortcomings of parochial relief, and, in meting out their assistance, to have reference to the antecedents of the sufferer, both as regards his social position and his deserts. The workhouses themselves are cared for by the Workhouse Visiting Society, which originated with the Social Science Association. A case is fresh in our recollection in which one—like her, indeed, whom the great Master was contented to bid, ‘Go and sin no more’—was refused admission, in the hour of woman’s curse, into a London workhouse until the police interfered, and she was then treated with a barbarity that would have contented a Sepoy. We are willing to believe that the case was very exceptional, and certainly the kindness of the visiting surgeon effected all that could be done by way of reparation. Workhouse officials will, however, discharge their duties all the better for a little indirect influence from benevolent persons outside; and we recommend to the support of our readers a society whose aim is to befriend workhouse inmates generally, and to introduce some of the light and progress of the outer world into what are to so many thousands houses of despondency and stagnation.

In his Preface Mr. Low gives an analysis of the various societies, and remarks, that ‘After allowing for a few institutions becoming defunct, and the amalgamation of a few others, it will

be seen that in the aggregate the Charities of London have increased one-fourth in number, and one-third in the entire amount of income during the last ten years.' It follows that the average income of each society is now only one-fifteenth more than it was ten years ago; and we cannot doubt that it would be much more advantageous if the increase in the number of societies did not approach so nearly to the increase of their income. They seem to arise almost as rapidly as Life Assurance Associations, without being under the same salutary check. An Assurance Society has definite obligations to meet. It has the responsibility of proving that its results are commensurate with its outlay, and unless it uses a proper amount of judicious exertion to produce this correspondence, it is compelled to amalgamate with some more successful society, and the business of the two offices is transacted with scarcely any increase of the working expenses of the one. In the case of charitable societies, the evil of multiplicity can only be checked by the exercise of discrimination on the part of those who support them. There are many philanthropic schemes which are essentially local, and which can often be carried on better by an independent than by a branch society. And as regards associations whose objects are not limited to particular localities, it is rather desirable that there should be more than one of each sort, in order that a due degree of emulation may be excited among those who are responsible for their management, and that any exceptional errors and misdirected attention of one society may be compensated by the adoption of somewhat different regulations by another. But the establishment of societies in a greater number than is required from these considerations, involves a deplorable waste of the money expended in creating them and in prolonging their existence. The benevolent should, therefore, use caution in the encouragement of young or small societies, and should generally prefer to support such older institutions as seem to them to be well organized, and to have been productive of much good at a proportionably small cost.

In the tabular abstract contained in the book, some interesting statistical information is afforded; and, for the purpose of the table, the societies are divided into a number of groups. The arrangement of the notices of the societies in the body of the work appears to be here and there rather odd—unavoidably so, perhaps—but an abundant index is appended. It will be convenient for us to make a different and more general classification. We shall draw attention in the first instance to those societies which supply the temporary wants of childhood, manhood, or old age, and afterwards to those which have the more

difficult aim of improving the general condition of the poor as a class.

Of the associations of an exclusively religious character, comprising those for Home and Foreign Missions, for increasing the provision for public worship, and for the circulation of Bibles and religious literature, we do not propose to speak, further than to state that, from the analysis before us, it appears that the aggregate income received by these societies, though almost wholly derived from annual contributions, comprehends more than two-fifths of the amount scheduled as the total income derived from property and subscriptions by the charities of every description whatever centred in London. This very high proportion is not to be accounted for only by the importance so justly attached to the objects in view, and by the circumstance that many of these religious societies are central associations, and therefore receive subscriptions from all parts of the kingdom; it is, no doubt, also attributable to the greater energy with which societies of this character are worked, and particularly to their claims being brought so much more prominently before the public, by the appeals in the various places of worship and at the meetings held annually in the metropolis.

It is to the plans for the improvement of the physical and social condition of the poor that we propose to refer in this article. In the long roll of the world's evils there is none more piteous than the case to which we may fittingly refer in the first instance—that of the young orphan, who, to use one of the exquisite utterances of Edward Irving, is thrown upon 'the Fatherhood of God.' Of asylums for such children, fourteen are specified in 'The Charities of London' as supported at an annual cost of about £65,000, this being exclusive of the Foundling Hospital, and of the College at Chelsea maintained by Government for the support of orphan children of soldiers. A long list follows of asylums for wholly maintaining and educating poor children, whether orphans or not, who are so unfortunate as to need the assistance of strangers; they are afterwards apprenticed, or provided with situations of some kind. Many of these institutions have been established specially for the children of those who are connected with the patrons by identity of occupation, or birth-place, or religious opinions. About thirty societies are particularized for promoting and aiding schools for children and adults; and with one or other of these societies the Parochial, National, Sunday, and Ragged Schools are in union. These are followed by a brief summary of the conditions upon which assistance may be



obtained from respective societies by those who are seeking to extend the means of education in their immediate neighbourhood.

It happens, however, that schools ostensibly established for the aid of the poor, not unfrequently become encroached upon by the children of parents occupying a better position. The places of children who are really poor are too often taken up by others dressed in better style than many who are called upon to contribute to the school expenses hold it to be either prudent or consistent to dress their own families. It would help to check this abuse if the name and address of the parent of each child attending the school appeared invariably upon the walls of the room.

But the most valuable provision that has been made for the case of very poor children, are the Industrial Schools encouraged by the Reformatory and Refuge Union, which was established in 1856 for this purpose. Through the instrumentality of these Refuges, such boys as now turn somersaults upon the pavement, may be compelled to habits of obedience and order, be started, perhaps, as shoe-blacks, and be prepared for future usefulness and respectability; and young girls may be trained to domestic work, and be saved from the all-but-certain fate of falling victims to the most cowardly of man's sins. These very valuable institutions, checking as they do the earliest development of crime, are deserving of the most liberal support. A further Act of Parliament upon the subject has been passed since the preparation of the book under review. It enacts that schools in which industrial training is provided, and in which children are clothed, lodged, and fed, as well as taught, may, upon application of the managers, be inspected by direction of the Secretary of State, and be certified as fit for the purpose of receiving any child under fourteen, found begging, or found wandering about, and not having any settled abode or visible means of subsistence, or whose parent represents he is unable to control him, but will pay for his maintenance while at the school. Justices and police magistrates are empowered to order any such child to be sent to one of these schools, and also any child under twelve years of age convicted of some petty offence, but for whom prison discipline is, in their opinion, less suitable than that of a school. They have also the power to make an order upon the parents for payment towards the maintenance of the child whilst at school. It is unnecessary to dilate upon the admirable character of this enactment. Assuming the fondness of parent for child and child for parent to exist—and it often does—as strongly among these extremely

poor as in the higher grades of society, the sacrifice of this feeling which is required is no more than that which is felt by every mother who sends her boy or girl to a boarding-school; whilst the benefit of the change is incomparably greater in the case of ragged and destitute children. These schools occupy a place between the District Workhouse Schools provided under the poor laws, and the Reformatories which are a part of our prison system; and they are calculated to effect for society—London society in particular—an amount of good which it is impossible to overestimate. We mean London society in its conventional as well as its real signification. The affluent can take no better steps for securing a continuance of the comforts to which they have been born, than by assisting in these efforts to check the growth of ignorance and crime; but a far more grateful incentive to such exertion is to be derived from the consideration of our common origin and our common destiny. Whether this can operate between the North American and the negro, happily we need not here stay to inquire. At all events, in England we are ready to confess to the belief that the ragged urchin whom we shun in the street, or, it may be, scout from our path, is not simply our fellow-creature, but is made in some sort in the similitude of the God before whom we must all stand together on the same level, at that great assize which all more or less expect will arrive. But it requires something more than Sunday morning Christianity for us to realize this in the heart and in the life.

Several very desirable institutions have been established as Industrial Homes, Training Schools, or Schools of Cookery, in which young women are taught household, laundry, and needle-work. It is, doubtless, for want of such institutions upon a large scale, that complaints of servants are so frequent; for a good business-training must be as desirable for servants as for any other class. By means of such training establishments, young women, among what are too complacently called the 'dregs' of the population, might, we should think, be raised to supply the places of the numbers of good servants who have emigrated, and a reduction be made in the number of those unfortunate females for whose rescue there are as many as twenty-two societies in London, some of which maintain several Asylums or Homes.

We must not omit to refer to one more class of institutions for the benefit of children, very simple and inexpensive, but so valuable that there cannot be too many of them. We mean Infant Nurseries for the care (except at night) of very young children whose mothers are compelled to work during the day.

The mothers are relieved from anxiety, and the children are saved from accidents and neglect. A small daily payment is very properly required from the parents.

But assuming the start in life to be fairly made, there are two conditions in which adults may have some need of the benevolent assistance of the man who can sympathize with the misfortunes of others, or who can regard their faults with some leniency because of his consciousness of his own. These are, firstly, want of employment through no unwillingness to work, but which leads to ruinous pawning, if not to theft and to dishonour; and secondly, disablement from work through sickness, accidents, deformity, or old age.

Considering the general wages received by domestic servants, the invariable requirement that they should be respectably clothed, and the temptations to which they are exposed in the crowded lodgings to which they must resort for shelter, when from one cause or another they are out of place and far away it may be from their relatives, we must give the first mention to the Homes which have been established in several parts of London for the reception, at a very low charge, of female servants whilst seeking work, and for aiding them in obtaining employment and suitable clothing. It is to the interest of families to encourage these institutions, for without such instrumentality they cannot count upon a supply of respectable servants.

Very nearly as necessary are the associations which have been more recently formed for providing similar Homes for dress-makers, milliners, and shopwomen, who are in search of employment, or who may not be lodged at their places of business. There are similar temporary Homes for governesses.

Institutions of a like nature, but more miscellaneous in their scope, are the House of Charity, in Soho, which is upon a large and increasing scale, and the Accident Relief Society, for the aid of families of men or women confined to the hospital. Other temporary Homes are provided for merchant seamen and for foreigners, and have a claim to the support of those whose business connections are of a kindred character.

Several associations for the relief of distress in the metropolis are particularized, the calls upon which, as upon the various District Visiting Societies, are chiefly occasioned by want of sufficient employment. There are also the Night Refuges, open mostly in the winter-time, for the many who may not have earned the price of a bed. These often feel the want of such a shelter even in the summer half of the year, when, to the disgrace of some of our richer parishes, the casual wards of the



workhouse are closed. The homeless must trudge off to some other workhouse, and probably find the wards there to be already filled, or must sleep under the dry arch of a bridge, or on an out-of-the-way door-step, or upon benches in the parks. Children in the day-time laughing and romping on the seat, unconsciously gathering strength for the tough fight of life; men or women in the night-time lying on the same seat as their only bed, hungry and hopeless, worn down and sickening for disease. Here are '*Illusions Perdues*' for Mr. Egg or Mr. Horsley to picture to us, more real and more sad than those of Mons. Gleyre. Can sadder be conceived?

Passing on to the distress occasioned by disablement through sickness, accidents, deformity, or advanced age, we find, with reference to the first two, that the book before us enumerates fourteen general medical Hospitals. In addition to these there are the Hospitals, Infirmarys, and other institutions for special diseases, including those of women and children, incurables and lunatics. These are sixty-six in number; and the long and varied list recalls to our mind Adam's vision of the lazar-house,—

'——— wherein were laid  
Numbers of all diseased, all maladies  
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
Of heart-sick agony, all fev'rous kinds,  
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
Intestine stone and ulcer, cholic-pangs,  
Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness; pining atrophy,  
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.  
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair  
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;  
And over them triumphant Death his dart  
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked  
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.  
Sight so deform, what heart of rock could long  
Dry-eyed behold?'

The aggregate annual income of the general and special Hospitals and Infirmarys is set down as nearly £340,000. Thirty-nine Dispensaries are specified, but the list is imperfect. It is well that the number is not so limited, for there is no agency by which a small sum can be made to go so far. Disease is checked in an early stage; and families are saved from the privation to which they would be exposed if their parents were left to sink into prolonged and perhaps fatal illness.

With respect to those who are afflicted with personal defects or deformities—the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the crippled—seventeen charities for their relief are specified. The earnest

benevolence shown on behalf of these unfortunate persons, and particularly the blind, has happily led to the contrivance of means by which they may be educated and taught to earn a subsistence by handiwork of several kinds; and the associations for securing to them continuous employment are especially deserving of patronage. An annual income of about £45,000 appears to be expended in teaching, visiting, or pensioning persons entitled to so much commiseration. One of the institutions, the Blind Man's Friend, is supported from the sum of £100,000, bequeathed by the late Mr. Charles Day (Day & Martin), who had experienced in his own person the terrible affliction of loss of sight.

Asylums and Almshouses for the aged are the oldest of our charitable institutions. The list of these comprises 124. Many are, however, upon a very small scale, and supported from bequests of private individuals; others are in connection with the various City Companies. Further provision for the aged is made by most of these Companies in the shape of pensions to infirm freemen and to their widows and daughters. Owing to the more general security afforded in recent times to person and property, this mode of assisting the aged is, upon the whole, more advantageous than Almshouses, as it is consistent with that complete personal freedom which to Englishmen is so dear. Besides several general charities for granting pensions to persons in reduced circumstances, most trades and professions have now their particular societies for securing annuities to members in their old age, and to their widows and children. Details are given of about a hundred of them, but the Friendly Societies, registered under the Acts which have been passed for rendering their action safer and more beneficial, amount to a very much larger number. A similar association has been formed in Sackville Street, for the purpose of securing pensions to domestic servants when past work. It would certainly be much more satisfactory for masters and encouraging for servants, if such institutions were widely extended, so that those who have spent the strength of their life in most necessary though humble labour for others, might, by means of small annual subscriptions on their own part, and kind co-operation on that of their employers, have something better than the workhouse to look forward to as the resource of their old age. It behoves those who belong to any special calling whatever, that is unprovided with such an association, to work for the establishment of a bond of interested union of this character, to which, if all subscribe, none need blush to have recourse in the event of any of the unforeseen difficulties from which none can count upon remaining free. These are

Assurance Societies rather than charities. But there is one feature in some of them which requires to be altered, and which should be avoided in future societies. We mean that by which members' widows or orphans become entitled to allowances, not as a matter of right ensuing upon their position as such, but only in case they succeed in being elected pensioners, on account, it is to be presumed, of their being the most necessitous among those who have been similarly bereaved. If all members contribute to the fund, the families of each should partake of the benefits when the death of the father occurs, although the individual relief would be smaller in amount. If the benefit is left to accrue only upon a successful election by the subscribers, or upon a selection by the board of management, the widows and children chosen are generally those who have the most friends, and therefore the least need of assistance. Or if it really happens that the most needy are those who are selected, this proceeding has yet the disadvantage of giving encouragement to those who are the most reckless as regards the future condition of their families.

We have yet to allude to two or three Homes established for gentlewomen who find themselves in reduced circumstances, a condition which many of them have never supposed possible until the death of an extravagant father has disclosed the real state of his affairs. Although these Homes are maintained for the most part by the payments of the inmates, subscriptions are solicited in order that such payments may be as low as possible.

Turning now to the charities which aim at the continuous improvement of the general condition of the poor, we confess that we do not hold in much esteem some societies that have been started for giving to workpeople in particular occupations the full price of their work, by taking the place of the contractor or the shopkeeper through whose agency work is generally brought into the market. It is obvious that the results which such societies can produce must be extremely limited, and it is probable that their supporters would be inclined to resent any similar interference with the ordinary course of their own business. This objection cannot indeed be taken to the associations formed by working men among themselves (now legalized under the Industrial and Provident Societies' Acts) for subscribing a fund which shall enable them to carry on in common some trade or handicraft, and thus secure all its profits to themselves. We cannot, however, believe that the ordinary action of men of capital between workmen and those who order work, will—at least, for many years to come—be superseded to any significant



extent; and we therefore rather rely upon emigration for the increasing of the scanty remuneration of labour by reducing the excessive number of those seeking employment.

The interest and assistance of the charitable in promoting the emigration of various classes are, happily, on the increase. The British Ladies' Female Emigrant Society was established in 1849 for providing matrons to accompany female emigrants, and for establishing committees for their assistance at the Australian ports. Other emigration societies have been set on foot very recently; and it is, doubtless, by judicious operations on the part of such societies, when duly supported by the benevolent, that the suffering around us may be the most successfully relieved.

There appears to be more hope for females in emigration than in the action of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, although good may meanwhile be effected for them through its instrumentality. The main object of this society has been to introduce women to work in various callings for which they may be found competent; and although sensible of the objection that women have not the physical strength to compete on equal terms with men, we feel, on the other hand, that they make a smaller amount of earnings suffice for their maintenance.

Of the plans on foot for the improvement of the social condition of the working classes remaining at home, there is none so important as that for the improvement of the houses in which they live. The Model Lodging-houses erected by some societies do not appear to have succeeded so well as was anticipated. We trust, however, that the excise which Mr. Peabody has so magnanimously levied upon his fortune for the good of the people among whom he has amassed it, may, through the magnitude of the sum—£150,000—lead to a solution of the difficulty of erecting healthy and commodious lodgings for the poor, so as to yield such interest upon the outlay as shall induce the formation of companies for similar undertakings. We may then hope that future improvements of London will not be made without some regard as to what may become of the ejected poor. Until some considerable amelioration takes place in the dwellings of the labouring classes in London, the City Mission and associations for the improvement of the characters and tastes of the poor must of necessity be sadly impeded. As akin to these societies, we may here mention the associations for promoting the erection of Baths and Washhouses and free Drinking-fountains.

We would say one word respecting the charity which the benevolent dispense with their own hands to poor persons or

families located near to them, or having some connection with those whom they employ ; for in this way good may be done in town as certainly, though not so conspicuously, as that which is effected in a village cared for by a humane and sympathizing landowner. During periods of illness or special distress, the form in which assistance can be best rendered will be evident enough. But the assistance which the charitable may be inclined to give from time to time, by way of improving the general comfort of such persons—assistance which they will naturally limit to the industrious and careful—should be gifts of goods rather than gifts of money. The scantiness and rotten condition of the furniture in the homes of the poor are a cause of every-day worry and disorder ; and by an occasional addition or replacement of household articles, the givers see that their kindness is productive of lasting comfort. They have the additional satisfaction of knowing that they are thus doing just as much ‘good for trade’ as if they had expended the purchase-money in obtaining for their own houses or persons some more costly articles than those with which they may have contented themselves. And such a course will often be no real loss to them, inasmuch as a less expensive article may be as truly beautiful as one upon which much costly elaboration has been bestowed ; for beauty depends upon thoughtfulness of design rather than upon abundance of ornament. But chiefly these occasional gifts of decent furniture are free from an injurious influence which pecuniary assistance sometimes produces. The former enable a family to live more comfortably, but not more cheaply ; whereas frequent gifts of money have the bad effect of enabling people to underbid their less-cared-for competitors. There should be no such favour in the field of competition ; it would be well if the field were open to all. But there are numbers against whom it is virtually closed, through their having been impeded by the dependence of widowed mothers, or young brothers or sisters, or by too early marriages, or by disadvantages of person. In many of our large business establishments there are men who have been tied down in this way during that part of their manhood in which the course of future life is decided. Limited to some special work, they have become of the greatest value to their employers, whilst they have gradually lost all fitness to compete successfully for situations elsewhere. The pay they could obtain in the market is very different from that which their employer would give them rather than lose their services ; and in his remuneration of them he will be guided by the latter criterion in proportion as he rules his conduct by the consideration of ‘righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.’ A man’s treatment of his

dependents is a grand test of his character, and a reliable gauge of his charity; and doubtless our readers have the happiness of knowing, as we do ourselves, that the kind-heartedness which we are here contemplating is no ideal sentiment, but is often found to have actual existence. We know those who view their servants and their business-assistants rather as fellow-workers than as dependents, and who believe that this system 'pays.' In the case of one family, the servants, with a single exception, offered to continue at their posts without wages until the master had righted himself of a very serious reverse that had overtaken him; but then he had been in the habit of paying them very good wages that he might count upon being well served, and he had acquired their confidence by his general consideration. A dear lady, too, we know, who feels that her servant-of-all-work must needs be rather clumsy at her needle, and she will therefore trim her bonnet for her, or help her make her dress. Another holds it to be no mere figure of speech that she should ask to her table those of her acquaintances from whom she can hope for nothing again. We know kind doctors who have their lists of free patients, upon whom they confer the greatest blessings that human skill can effect, and who will take from struggling families and poor governesses little else than thanks. And kind-hearted lawyers, too; men who were among the first to accede to the Saturday half-holiday movement, and who allow it to their clerks in the fullest measure; men who like that their assistants should rejoice when they rejoice, or who provide a yearly social gathering for them, and even feel a pleasure and pride in heading the table themselves; and one in chief,—

'the kindest man,  
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies.'

We have now touched upon the leading divisions of London Charities, and the aims with which they have severally been established. Unless the boasts of common country and national brotherhood, so general at our political festivals, are only like the hollow friendships that are pledged at a revel, no apology will be required from even the most casual reader for our having dwelt upon the intensity of the suffering around us, and having given a summary of the means, both curative and preventive, by which it is to be lessened. Without detailing the societies of a specially religious character, we have glanced, firstly, at those charities which have for their object the relief of our fellow-creatures in periods of special and temporary need: the Asylums, Schools, Refuges, and Nurseries for poor and orphan children; the Homes



and Relief Societies for persons seeking employment, or for affording assistance during the winter and other periods of distress; the Hospitals, Infirmarys, and Dispensaries for the sick and ailing, and the Asylums for the maimed and the deformed; and lastly, the Almshouses and Pension Societies for those who are past work. Many of the institutions so described partake of the very desirable character of Assurance Societies in connection with some particular calling; but the usefulness of all may be increased by donations to meet the cases of those persons whose earnings are too small or uncertain to admit of their making any material savings. Particularly on behalf of those who are sickly or maimed, or suffering from other special misfortune; on behalf of the humblest class of labourers, domestic servants, and needlewomen, among whom competition is so great that the wages accepted by them are such as only meet the necessities of the present hour; on behalf of even others, as many governesses, whose pay is very inadequate to the necessities of what are called their better positions; the charitable assistance of all who are in health and prosperity is in some measure due to such of these institutions as are connected with their neighbourhood or their business. The Emigration and other Societies to which we then referred as having for their object the general improvement of the condition of the poorer classes, must continue to depend for the most part upon the generosity of the wealthy. But as regards improved dwellings for the poor, to which Mr. Peabody has so rightly attached the chief importance, we may repeat our anticipation that the experiment which his beneficence, almost exceeding the bounds of emulation, allows to be tried upon so large a scale, will result in a success that shall encourage joint-stock companies to similar undertakings as commercial investments. We ventured, in conclusion, to suggest that now and then there might be a little less of pretentious luxury, and (the most difficult beneficence of all) a little more of liberality to those, in our own households or places of business, whose services during the best years of life have been rendered directly to ourselves without the intervention of others. By increased attention in these directions, the suffering that prevails among us may be greatly relieved now, and very considerably reduced for the generation succeeding us. Indiscriminate almsgiving is a serious evil, but judicious charity is a noble duty, and is a part of our Christian faith upon which, happily, all men avow that they are agreed.

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## OUR BOOK CLUB.

THE name of Tayler Lewis is, we suppose, little known to most of our readers; and it has often been a matter of surprise to us that none of his many works have been reprinted in this country. We are therefore glad to receive a volume reprinted but hitherto unknown to us: *The Divine Human in the Scriptures*. By Tayler Lewis. (James Nisbet & Co.) All that this thoroughly furnished writer put on paper bore the stamp of his very clear and thoughtful mind, and in the book before us there are most germinal thoughts and expressions. It does not, however, seem equal to several other of the works of its prolific author. We are sorry that the work is not introduced by some account of the writer, a man who in America has grappled more closely with the forms of modern infidelity than perhaps any other man. His American biographer and apologist says of him, the only name which that of Lewis suggests, is the name of the greatest of Frenchmen—the name of Pascal. The genius of each is the same. Each has the same mathematical genius fitted for the safe examination of abstruse problems, and irresistibly compelled to grapple with them. In each is the harmony of the ideal and the practical.

‘Great as writers, they are greater as men. Each have heroic fealty to truth, making them earnest in its defence, unsparing in the exposure of its counterfeits,—Bayards in the world of mind, without fear, without reproach. Each are masters of resistless logic, terrible invective, keen sarcasm, delicious irony; the wit of each is allied to unearthly sadness; and each, in their true devotion to truth, make it subservient to fairest reasoning. The writings of each have passages of crystalline clearness, in which abstruse ideas are pictured with the brilliancy of poetry, and the accuracy of mathematics. They are endowed with an imagination entirely unique, a revealing rather than a creating faculty, effective of all the sublimity imagination can awaken, yet resolving itself into clearness and far-reachingness of intellectual vision. Nor are their lives so unlike as it might seem. The one throws all his soul into a contest with the order of Jesuits; the other, into a contest with an age more jesuitical than the Jesuits.

‘Pascal having surveyed all truth, projected a work which should embody that survey. The substance of it exists in fragments. What he did first for himself, then as preparatory to his work, that Lewis has done for himself. Something, too, of that which Pascal did for his work, he has done; and from all that he has written, it might be possible to compile a book of thoughts so wide in their range, yet so related, so ultimate yet clear, so wise, so true, and many of them so condensed, pointed, and felicitous in expression, that it would be worthy to be laid beside that of the great Frenchman.

‘The papers of Lewis, though on a variety of subjects, are homogeneous. Each is a chapter or section from his brain; and there is no want of unity in what he has written, as there is none in what he has thought.’

All this is very high praise, and we quote it not as altogether endorsing the measure of it, but as furnishing some means of estimating a very remarkable man. Strewed over his pages are passages of very vivid intuition and of most effective eloquence. He was Professor of Greek and Latin Literature in the University in the city of New York. Educated for the law, he carried into the study of theology the clear judicial character, and he armed himself from every armoury of the earlier and later ages for a contest with the errors of the times. From his writings may be found some of the most sagacious arguments against the optimistic tendencies of modern theology, and against the mythical and ideological hazinesses which, like a shivering although sunny mist from the necromantic hallucinations of modern intelligence, have swept round the headlands of historical Christianity. He eminently knows how to deal with modern infidelity, and the little volume before us—it has the further merit of being small—is a book for a thoughtful young man. It widens the horizon of spiritual vision on all sides. There was often in some of the writings of Lewis considerable intolerance and bigotry, but with it there was knowledge, and we scarcely know where to look for a book so likely to prove an antidote to the trashy dissections of the modern Straussians and Essayists and Reviewers. They will be overcome, not by a close conflict, but by widening the scope of the vision, and pouring upon their eyes the light of unexpected truths and relations. We wish for this book a place in every thoughtful man's library—it will be useless to any but thoughtful men—and we trust the publishers may feel encouraged to reprint here some other productions from the pen of Professor Taylor Lewis, and some account of him and estimate of his writings.

THE author of 'Man and his Dwelling-place' reiterates from the process of physiological proof, the argument which in that work he has set forth from the metaphysical. His new book is *Life in Nature*. By James Hinton, Author of *Man and his Dwelling-place*. (Smith, Elder, & Co.) And it has all the subtlety of thought, and all the felicity of expression and analogy, we met in his former work; and again we are told, perhaps with more distinctness even than before, that we are dead, and that nature only is alive. Certainly it is very delightful to read the book. It flows on like a story, or like a stream. One thing is certain, too: the author knows himself what he means, and at what he aims. He sees his last page in his first. He writes by the light of archetypal ideas. We say this, while we also say that we do not think he always sees his own words, and we doubt whether he could give a very clear rendering of what he means by death. Is it inertia? is it corruption—really decay and dissolution? The life man inherits and shares, is it only the life in nature? Is the body only alive, and all spiritual function and force dead? The apostle says, 'Ye were dead, but in your death *ye walked*.' The life of sin is some horrid somnambulistic dream-life, still a life. But Mr. Hinton repudiates the apostolic version. And we have reason to know that Mr. Hinton himself remarked upon our



notice of his last book, that we were really ignorant of his meaning. Possibly, for there are not wanting indications that his argument is nearer to the vortex and the abyss than it seemed. In fact, the whirling vortices and rapids of Pantheism may be heard and seen from the spot to which he has conducted us. Quoting honestly, most honestly, we cite the following passage, in which, while the author asserts the personality of God—his Divine intentions—we have also the very words of Oken: 'The Eternal is the Zero, the 0 of nature. There is no other science than that of nothing:—'

'Organic life, taken as a whole, presents itself to the eye of science as a vibration. It is summed up in opposite and equal processes. And this idea applies equally to the whole sphere of physical events. However varied, however vast, however minute, may be the changes which mark the course of nature, they all have this character. Nature vibrates, with perpetual plus and minus; it vibrates, and no more. What music it thus makes in the ear of Omnipotence, into what vast symphony its endless, unintermitting, infinitely-varied pulsings may be wrought, we know not. It is enough that the Great Musician knows. But this we cannot fail to note: that be it wrought into whatsoever forms, spread out over whatsoever time, equal plus and minus are—nonentity. An 0, analyzed and spread out, and made to seem to be. This is what the physical world avows itself to the long-gazing, and at last penetrating eye of man. So much to him, so much in seeming, is it truly nothing then—a painted vision, and no more? Must we mourn the loss, the utter sinking away of our imaginary world into a false play of illusions?'

'It is not so. Already we have known, and have rejoiced to know, that nature, as we perceive it, is but a vision; for it is a vision presented to our eye by that which is infinitely more. This inverted telescope of science which dissipates the galaxies and dissolves the stars, reducing nature into nothingness, strikes us with no astonishment, fills us with no dismay. This solid-seeming universe may fade before its gaze; it does but bring us into a surer presence of the things that are unseen.'

But there is a distinct assertion of Theistic truth and Christian truth, by the author. 'Heaven is the life of man. Perfect deliverance from evil is in perfect life.'

'What fact is imagined here? What is the keynote of this mingled harmony? Do we not hear it in one word—Redemption? Of death, and life raised up from death; of life bestowed by death, and perfected through it; of sacrifice, which is the law of being and the root of joy; of these things Nature speaks to us. She points us to her Maker, in Him who gave His Son.'

We cannot give any analysis of the chain of argument through the pages of the book; and all to whom such matters are interesting, will read the volume for themselves. Nor do we think that the fact that the author has not sufficiently guarded his readers against possible conclusions, is any testimony against the book. The same is true of Locke, and of Jonathan Edwards, and Berkeley. Perhaps there is an abyss beneath every argument. The volume is the production of a man, no doubt, really alive himself; and to those who are able to receive it, its value must immeasurably surpass its danger; only to

every reader it is really necessary to say, 'Take care: the cliffs and the ocean lie that way.'

A WIDELY different book is *The Possibilities of Creation; or, What the World Might have Been: a Book of Fancies.* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) Handsomely got up. The author would have gained in the number of his audience, and the effectiveness of his argument, had he condensed the number of his pages. He has alighted upon a humorous and very fruitful theme. In fact, it may be called a Bridgewater Treatise from the humorous side; a humorous outlook upon nature for a practical purpose; a very pleasant teaching of natural theology for those indisposed for, or unable to appreciate, a more abstruse or erudite argument. A teacher, a schoolmaster, would get up a capital lecture from it; and an intelligent father or mother reading it, would find a fine heap of materials to set a young soul wondering and worshipping. What kind of world would an evil spirit have produced? What may we conceive to be the phenomena of a Satanic globe? The author takes us a fine tour through all sorts of possible atmospheres, and possible waters; imaginations of whole continents of people labouring under the disease of light, or photophobia; and from what we know of aberrations of vision, wild dreams of all possible oddities of vision. Then we are led through all the horrors of universal Esquimaux kingdoms, and London ever amidst the mountains of snow, and all men subject to the tyranny of King Frost, and to the pleasures of combustible diet. The grand gathering of the corporation of Boothia Felix, and their banquet in the Mansion House, 'with train oil by way of soup, a course of seals' flesh, partly raw and partly dressed; a haunch or two of bear; a young walrus done in its own grease; and finally, if procurable, a dessert of long sixes, or patent composition candles.' One of the most effective chapters is the possible changes in the bodily house, and the comparison of hands and paws; the conception of the jointless man; a paralytic world; facial errors; the unequal growth of limbs; and oddities of development altogether contradicting George Herbert's famous lines:—

'Man is all symmetry,  
Full of proportions, one limb to another.'

All this is a suggestion of the manner of the book. It is also true, of course, that the thing must not be looked at too seriously. We live beneath a system of compensations, fitnesses, and adaptations, in which the expert and adroit Pantheist will not at all admit such possibilities to be possible. The book has the vivacity and entertainment of Grimm's or Andersen's fairy tales. It will be necessary to know, not only where and how to read, but how also to leave off reading, even such a pleasant and instructive book as this. It is a capital volume for the purpose of interesting young minds in benevolent adaptations of natural theology.

WE have seldom met with a more remarkable volume than *Lost among the Affghans; being the Adventures of John Campbell, otherwise Feringhee Bacha, amongst the Wild Tribes of Central Asia, related by Himself to Hubert Oswald Fry. With a Portrait.* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) The story is as startling as that of Du Chaillu, and taxes the faith of the reader as severely. It is a wild and wondrous tale of adventures among strange, untrodden regions, and unheard-of tribes. The respectability and character of the editor places the volume in a most favourable light for its reception: he neither sought the wanderer, nor suggested the narrative, but, no doubt, to him is owing that striking skilfulness with which the story is made to run before the reader. John Campbell was an infant, taken, with a woman who had the charge of him, when about two years old, upon a field of carnage, in the Valley of Tezeen, while the British troops were fighting their way through the snow-bound passes of Affghanistan. He was said to be the infant of an officer who had fallen in the fight, and being taken by Dost Mahomed, he was adopted by that leader as a son. This is the narrative of his treatment there, and his escape, and the long course of his wild adventures till he reached Bombay. There his story before Lord Elphinstone, Sir John Lawrence, and others not likely to be imposed upon, led to his adoption by the Government, and his maintenance and education by the Indian Board. He was placed in the family of Mrs. Edmund Fry, in a school at Brighton, beneath the charge of herself and her sons, and it is not wonderful that such a narrative should seem, to Mr. Hubert Fry, worthy of a record. Mrs. Fry's testimony is very interesting.

'In February, 1861, I was requested to receive into my family a youth of remarkable appearance, apparently about twenty years of age. He was introduced to me as the son of a British officer slain in India. The name John Campbell had been given him by his earliest English friend, and he acknowledged no other. His countenance was grave and watchful, his manners gentle and subdued; he spoke English very imperfectly, but he was so anxious to gain information on various subjects, that he endeavoured to converse with every one around him. There was a singular mixture of independence and suspicion in his demeanour, that betokened habits of self-reliance and observation sharpened by necessity. At first he was cautious and reserved; but he soon attached himself to one of my sons about his own age, and in whose study he passed the greater part of his time. He soon became sociable and lively, and of an evening delighted to bring out his books of Persian songs, and to sing or chant them for our amusement. Sometimes he translated the poems into English, relating the legends attached to each song; and now and then he astonished us with an Affghan war-song, which he would shout with strange, wild energy.

'In his usual pursuits he evinced a quiet perseverance, which is the probable secret of much that is remarkable in his story. A simple instance will suffice: on one occasion my son being unable to attend to Campbell's usual studies, I proposed to him to make an effort to improve his handwriting; as soon as he had convinced himself that the thing was desirable, he obtained a pile of copy-books, and taking his seat amongst



my little pupils (children under twelve), he compelled himself to hold the pen as directed, and wrote steadily on, hour after hour, without change of occupation for several days; now and then he stopped for a moment to "punish his hand," saying, "hand, much, much paining; punish much, go on."

'As our intimacy increased, I found much to interest in our strange guest: he evinced a reverence for religion in whatever form worship might be offered; but his ideas of *truth* were decidedly jesuitical: he argued that a lie was justifiable if it were to accomplish a right end; which is the theory maintained by Madame de Genlis and other French writers. He often requested me to read and explain the Gospels to him; and, on one occasion, when we were reading the 6th chapter of Luke, as I came to the words, "*I say unto you, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you,*" he exclaimed, "*Bible must be God's book: only God could say that. Man's heart say, Kill enemy; God say, Love; only God can love enemy: true, true; Bible God's book.*"

'During the ten weeks that John Campbell was in our family he gained the confidence of all; his failings were those arising from circumstances, not from wilful wickedness: he appeared to be naturally gentle, trusting, and affectionate; but his strange destiny had thrown him early on his own resources, sharpened his suspicion, and made him wary, keen, self-reliant, and determined. His powers of endurance are marvellous.'

We shall not in our short notice attempt to give any outline of the volume, but there are many adventures associated with the idea of perils in the wilderness, which have not their place in some of the pages: perils among robber herds; and perils among beasts, and among bleak, wild, snowy mountain chains and passes. The Satan worshippers seem to have behaved very well to him. Sometimes a whole world full of adventures and dangers are crowded into one forest or one page; in the following, for instance:—

'I waited for ten days at Talokan; at the end of that time the weather cleared, and I again inquired for a travelling companion: but not being able to find one I resolved to try and make my way to Kolm alone. I unfortunately got off the track, and, after wandering about for a considerable time, forgot all my bearings and was completely lost. I, however, made the best guess I could as to the direction in which Kolm lay, and continued my way quite at hazard. I arrived in a district of large jungles and forests. I kept rather to the southern borders of the woods. My clothes got torn to pieces, and my face was terribly scratched by the thorn bushes, so I was obliged to dismount and lead my horse through the most open parts of the forest. Thus I went on all day, and got far into the depths of the jungles.

'I had some food with me, and at eve I sat down to rest and take refreshment. There were many streams murmuring all around, so I did not lack for water.

'I made a fire, and unsaddled my horse; covered him with a cloth, and rubbed him down a little. Then I loaded my gun and pistols with bullets, and lay down to rest. The sweet evening songs of birds lulled me to sleep.

'After a nap of some hours I rose, saddled my horse, and led him on again till daybreak; and all that day I wandered on, pushing my way through thick woods. I knew not where I was going in these pathless jungles. When evening came I rested again as before, and the following

day I arrived at a thinner part of the forest, where it was easier to get along.

'I walked on in a delicious shade. There were many kinds of trees all around me; under my feet was a beautiful soft carpet of fine grass; roses and other sweet-smelling flowers filled the air with fragrance. Clear springs of water rippling between banks clothed with the richest herbage gave freshness to everything around, and beautiful birds fluttering among the dense foliage overhead enlivened the scene and charmed the ear with their wild notes. But I was the only human being there. My food was all gone, and I thought, what shall I do? I see no end to this forest. I could think of nothing better than keeping straight on.

'In the evening I came to a great clear space surrounded by the jungle, and, seeing that the grass was very fine, I resolved to stop and shoot some birds to eat. So I halted there. I had no difficulty in procuring enough birds for a meal. There was plenty of water, plenty of grass for my horse, and wood to make a fire with, so I wanted for nothing.

'I let Zangi loose to graze, and I amused myself singing and making poetry in Persian.

'Two whole days I spent in this dreamy, lonely, wild enjoyment, and then set forth on my way again. Presently I came to a place where were a great many large monkeys, who, on perceiving me, immediately set up a great chattering and screaming. When I first saw them they were on the ground eating something, but in a minute they sprang up the trees and looked down at me with eyes of astonishment. As I went past them they came quite close to me, and snatched at me, and ran behind the trees making horrible grimaces at me. While I was looking at one, another would pull my hair; and when I looked up one would drag at my horse's tail. I struck them with my whip, and they put their paws, which I had beaten, into their mouths and ground their teeth.

'I saw one little young monkey sitting on the ground and scratching at my horse's feet for insects. Zangi resented this impudence by crushing the little beast into the ground. All the other monkeys immediately set up a loud scream, and surrounded me with most menacing looks; the trees seemed full of them, and I really began to get alarmed, for their numbers increased every moment. I levelled my gun at one of the foremost of my persecutors and fired; the poor creature fell heavily to the ground, and all the rest vanished like so many spirits. I was quite glad to be rid of them so easily.

'The next day, just as I was getting tired of this jungle life, and began to fear I should never see the open country again, I suddenly came to the end of the forest and looked out across the desert. I felt at first considerably pleased. I did not seem quite so hopelessly lost, and I continued my way straight across the country for some distance; but the thought occurred to me that in leaving the woods I was losing my only chance of subsistence, for certainly I should find no food in the desert; so I turned back to the jungles to shoot a stock of provisions to take with me on my journey.

'I had not been long in quest of game when I spied a wild boar running straight at me. I shot him in the breast, and he fell severely wounded, but not dead; not thinking he would hurt me, I went to dispatch him with my knife, but no sooner was I in his reach than he made a grab at me, and his sharp tusks tore my boot, and it was a mercy I was not lamed for life; this was, however, his dying struggle. I soon gathered some wood together, and on the pile I laid my prize, and soon had him capitally roasted; I cut some steaks from him, and made a good meal; I finished

with a draught of pure water from a spring close by, and having packed up my pork in an old coat I had with me, and refilled my "matara" (goatskin) with water, I mounted Zangi, and took my way through the desert again.

'I had not got far when suddenly my horse began shying very much, and trembled all over. "Oh, dear," thought I, "my Zangi must be dying, for he never behaved like this before; he fears nothing." I looked around, but could see nothing; still the poor animal strained at the bridle, and seemed on the point of running away with me; then he stood still, with his legs far apart, every muscle rigid with fear, and his eyes straining, staring into the jungle. I looked more carefully, and presently spied a large tawny brown animal, which I at once conjectured to be a lion. I quickly loaded my gun, and fired at the beast, which directly turned away and disappeared in the woods. I do not know whether my bullet struck him or not.

'I then let my horse go, and galloped on till evening away across the desert. I got down, and began to look about for food for Zangi. I searched for some time, but without success; only I noticed a great deal of the dung of some animal on the ground; it was more like that of sheep than any other animal I knew, but still I was confident that these would not be found out there in the desert. I resolved to follow these traces, which I suspected were those of wild deer, and these animals would be sure to go where there was grass. After some time the tracks led me back again to the jungles, though at a different part from where I had already been. Here I found a stream of water, on the other side of which there was no wood, only long grass as high as my waist. This part of the jungle was much thinner. I let my horse loose to graze, and having satisfied my hunger with a piece of my pig, I lay down to sleep, but all the time kept one ear open.

'Early in the morning I was awakened by the chirping of innumerable little birds. I rose up, and the thought occurred to me that I might save my ammunition by catching some of these little songsters in a trap, as I had learned to do in Affghanistan.

'I put a quantity of sand, which the birds eat, into a piece of cloth, and hung it up in a tree. When the little creatures were gone into this kind of bag to get the sand, I pulled a string which I had attached to it, and the cloth fell down over them, bringing them many at a time to the ground with it. When these birds were skinned and roasted, I found them a great delicacy.

'I remained here in the jungles about ten days. I had everything I needed, and this wild life had already made me and my horse quite new creatures, so much stronger and more active did we become. But I was unhappy in the midst of such abundance; and at last one morning I mounted my horse, and set off to follow down the course of the stream, to try if that would lead me once more to the dwellings of men. That afternoon I left all traces of the jungles behind me, and continued my course along the bank of the stream, which wound its way through the country.

'In the evening, to my great surprise, I came suddenly to a queer-looking little hut, outside which I saw some naked people squatting on the ground, with their faces buried between their knees, which they were clasping with their arms.

'There was something weird and ghastly in their appearance, so that I felt an instinctive dread, and laid hold of my sword.

'At this the creatures lifted up their heads, and said, "What are you about, young man?"



“Who are you?” I asked. “And what do you do here?”

‘Without heeding my question they merely said, “Come down and take rest.”’

‘I dismounted, and approached these strange beings, wondering who they could be, for their nails were like great claws, and long hair was on their bodies. They had hidden their faces again, and they sat motionless, hugging their knees.’

‘I half doubted of their humanity, and again took hold of my sword, just to try if they knew what pain was; but though they could not possibly see me do this, their faces being turned away, they immediately lifted up their heads, and said, “Young man, what are you about?”’

“What sort of people are you?” I asked. “You squat there, and wont speak.”

‘Then they said, “Sit down and rest;” and again resumed their extraordinary position.’

‘I sat down, and waited to see what they would do. I was very hungry, and hoped they would offer me food. When it got quite dark they rose, and I followed them into the house, where they all sat down again as before.’

These weird and naked men were a tribe of necromancers; and this ninth chapter is as severe a strain upon our faith as any in the book; and yet not more so than the like which we find in many unquestioned Eastern travellers. If the reader gets hold upon this book, he may be sure he has a volume at any rate rich in interest.

**T**HE next book we take up comes from the same vast continent; a volume full of charming interest in the world of missionary work. *Civilizing Mountain Men; or, Sketches of Mission Work among the Karens. By Mr. Mason, of Burmah. Edited by L. N. R., Author of The Book and its Story. Second Edition.* (James Nisbet.) We are glad to see the *second* edition: to us it is the first, for while we knew the work, ‘Among the Karens,’ we had not read this book. Every word is graphic, and the energy, perseverance, and intrepidity of those whom the love of Christ constrains glows along every page. This is a book to be read first, and then, by some able, competent voice, to be read aloud to the ladies’ working society, either for the mission station or the Dorcas visitor. It is a book to make the needles in woman’s fingers go faster; the account of this most interesting people, the difficulties of hearts yearning for their salvation, and the story of the labour *not* in vain; the frequent story within the story; persons and places all linked together on the thread of strong practical purpose; intense labour springing from intense faith and intense love. It has all the Christian interest of the ‘Missing Link,’ haloed round with the gleam of the romance which fascinates always in the work of distant and strange scenery and character.

**M**ESSRS. Alexander Strahan & Co. are publishing a series of volumes, of which we have received two: *Speaking to the Heart; or, Sermons for the People, by Thomas Guthrie, D.D.; and Parish Papers, by Norman Macleod, D.D.* These are intended as the instalment of a future Family Library; and, of course, from such men the books cannot be other than good, and very good. The

style and getting up is strong and superior; but for a Family Library, which is intended to have something of the stamp of permanence, and yet of interesting suggestion, we would suggest books more after the style of 'Eyes and Ears,' by Henry Ward Beecher (Sampson Low, Son, & Co.) Too much of the sermon surely should not find its place in the Family Library; and if the sermon must be preached, then it should be in the pleasant but serious chat with which Henry Ward Beecher talks of all things, in the domestic room, the farm-house, and the field. Sewing-machines and oxen, birds and weeds, and a multitude of like things, are all discoursed upon most wisely and pleasantly.

THE Religious Tract Society has published the *Letters of William Cowper; being a Selection from his Correspondence: with a Sketch of his Life, and Biographical Notices of his Correspondents*. The letters need no word of praise: that would be, indeed, to paint the lily. They are among the sweetest things that it ever fell to the lot of pen and ink to put on paper. The volume before us is a pleasant little portable thing, and purports to be only a selection from the letters.

A SECOND *Series of the Children's Church at Home; or, Family Services for the Lord's Day*. By the Rev. John Edmond, D.D. (T. Nelson & Sons.) All the books of Messrs. Nelson are remarkable for the beauty of their *physique*; and of course this is. The first series we have never seen. We do not doubt they will both be most acceptable to thousands of families; yet we could suggest much more simplicity in many sentences, in speaking to children, both of language and imagery and allusion.

WE are glad to hail from the same well-loved pen, a companion to the 'Mount of Olives.' *A Morning beside the Lake of Galilee*. By James Hamilton, D.D., F.L.S. (James Nisbet.) It is overflowing with all that makes Dr. Hamilton's pages sweetly ministrative in our best and quietest moments.

WE are to understand, that *Old Friends, and What Became of Them*, by the Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A., Incumbent of St. Jude's, Chelsea (James Nisbet & Co.), comprises sketches, from the author's memory, of old schoolfellows and others who have crossed his path in life. It is a very entertaining, sketchy book. But even for a monkey, that monkey must have been uncommonly clever whose tragic fate is recited in the 'Accomplices.' And however is it that Mr. Owen is so fond of describing the flogging and flagellation of boys? In his 'Pottery Schoolmaster' he dwells with gusto upon many a flogging scene; and in this volume we venture to think that the story of the great flogging, on the seventy-third page, might be even more decently told, if necessary to be told at all. Mr. Owen has a very real way of looking at things; and his sketches, without having any very distinctive lessons, have a good deal of vigour of

sketching. But we will beg of him not to describe any more floggings: they are enough to make even good boys feel uncomfortable.

**T**HERE can be no reason why we should not remember the lads in 'Our Book Club;' and every boy who reads *The Nest Hunters; or, Adventures in the Indian Archipelago, by William Dalton, Esq., Author of Will Adams, the First Englishman in Japan, with Illustrations* (Arthur Hall & Co.), will be grateful to the good luck that sent it. It is a capital boy's book.

**A**ND a capital book, too, is *Children's Sayings; or, Early Life at Home. By Caroline Hadley. With Four Illustrations.* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) It is very simple, but very admirable. A book for mamma to read to the little ones, or the little ones to mamma.

**W**E are sorry that we can devote but a brief space to the excellent memoir of our late friend Dr. Boaz. *The Mission Pastor: Memorials of the Rev. Thomas Boaz, LL.D., twenty-four years Missionary in Calcutta. By his Widow. Edited by his Brother-in-law. (John Snow.)* This is a volume for all our congregational and Sabbath school libraries, and we trust that it will find its way into all connected with our denominations. It is interesting, and will furnish material for the missionary prayer-meeting and for the Sabbath school address. Thomas Boaz was born in Scarborough in 1806. His father and grandfather both lived by the sea. His grandfather, who had the command of a small vessel in the Baltic trade, was a long time a prisoner in a French dungeon in the days of the Revolution; and when set at liberty, his freedom produced such a revulsion of joy, that he expired a few hours after the announcement was made to him. The father of our friend was a Quaker; but from his grandmother he seems to have imbibed many of the most distinctive of his principles: she was cast in the mould of the old Puritan school. Although he accompanied his own parents to the Friends' meeting-house, the Friends, however, do not seem to have impressed him with very devotional feelings. While the members were engaged in silent meditation, he busied himself in pinning the dresses of the ladies together, assuming, culprit as he was, the demure appearance of innocence. He more enjoyed the society of fishermen and sailors on the iron-bound east coast of Yorkshire. In Scarborough he spent his first years of active life, and then found his way to London. He was unconverted, and only desired to enjoy the pleasures of the world; but, singularly, his very first acquaintance in London, a porter, probably saved him from some sin and sorrow. Yet he floated along upon the stream of London dissipation, and even had desires to go upon the stage. At last he found a situation, a home, and a guide beneath the roof of Mr. Townsend, a draper in High Holborn, and a director of the London Missionary Society. To this good man it was, perhaps, greatly owing that he now renounced his companions in sin; and there were many



circumstances which compelled him to the new life, especially the death of a companion who had rushed to the extremes of infidelity and dissipation. In his transformation he became a member of the church of Dr. Andrew Reed, and he graduated in all the various works of usefulness, and began to speak in school-rooms and cottages. At length he offered himself to the London Missionary Society, and, accepted by them, he entered the Newport Pagnell institution to study for the ministry. For some little time he was the youthful pastor of the village congregation, a sort of home mission station at Elstead, in Surrey. But the mission work would not allow him to rest, and he signified his intention to his people to depart for the East Indies, and his acceptance by the Missionary Society. The following is a touching little picture of his farewell:—

“In the afternoon I addressed the people at —, from John xiv. The small place was literally crammed, numbers standing without. There were many present who had never entered the chapel before. I promised this attached people a final visit. This promise I fulfilled on the following Sabbath, when I preached and administered to them the Lord's Supper, for the first and probably the last time in England. It was to me an interesting scene. The evening was beautiful; the sun had just left his golden tinges on the western sky. The only sounds which could be heard were the bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle. The doors of the rustic sanctuary were closed. The little flock of ‘redeemed ones,’ surrounded the table of Jesus, on which were displayed the dying emblems of his love. A few hopeful spectators sat as witnesses of that sacred pledge of allegiance to the best and holiest of masters.

“There is at such a time a silence very inexplicable, a searching silence which leads each one to inquire, *Lord, is it I?* I arose and broke it by repeating the beautiful words of Watts, ‘How sweet and awful is the place,’ &c. As I came to the conclusion my voice faltered, and, in broken accents, I said, ‘Farewell, farewell, my beloved people. Farewell until the morning of the resurrection; we may not meet until that morning, when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible. How shall we rise? what will be our destiny, heaven or hell? Pray for me that it may be heaven. I will pray for you that it may be heaven. Amen and Amen.’ I sat down and received their last prayers and blessings in the solitude of agonized feelings. Thus terminated a mysterious, though, I trust, happy union.

“Early on the following morning I left the village to proceed on my way. The sun was just casting his rays over the rich and varied landscape which presented itself from the eminence of Charles' Hill.

“I stood for a brief while contemplating a scene which had been to me the theatre of such indescribable happiness and distress.”

He renewed his preparatory studies at Haileybury. He was set apart to the missionary work, and then departed to say farewell to the Scarborough home.

“There was, however, a scene of mingled happiness and pain. Every meal showed the wish of mother and sisters to gratify the son and brother—every meal seemed to say this is one less; and, as though every one appeared to receive the same impression at the same moment, they looked simultaneously at each other and wept. My beloved father would often sit and appear desirous of giving me his parting advice; but his feelings awed

him into silence, until the innocent prattle of the little ones would give a different turn to the conversation. The dreaded moment at length arrived—the last farewell was taken in sadness. I arose and fell upon the neck of her who bore me; who, overcome with grief, exclaimed, ‘My son, my son,’ holding me with a convulsive grasp, from which I with difficulty extricated my trembling body; at length, with gentle violence, I succeeded, yet it was but to experience a similar reception from my dear sister. She presented her smiling babe to me for a blessing. I embraced and kissed it a thousand times, then imprinted a token of affection on the rosy cheeks which presented themselves in rapid succession, and rushed from the scene of distress in company with my father. In mute sorrow we hastened to the coach. Many were standing at their doors to say farewell; I could but acknowledge their kindness by waving my hand. All was ready. My father in a stifled voice, while he pressed my hand, said, ‘Oh, my boy, I have long prayed for submission to the will of God in this trying hour,’ then turning his head, whispered, ‘The Lord go with thee and bless thee.’ Again raising his voice, regardless of the crowd which had gathered together, he said, while he crossed his face with his hands, ‘I give him up to thee—to thee, O Lord; protect and guide him for ever, for ever, for ever.’ ‘My father,’ I responded, while with deep agony I said, ‘O God, bless this honoured parent, and all these my weeping friends, with thy grace and glory.’

“The coach drove away, and the scenes and persons with which all my youthful associations were connected receded from my view.”

These extracts will show how much of tender, and beautiful, and graphic interest there is in this memoir. He left England for Calcutta in 1834. In that city he laboured long and most usefully as the minister of Union Chapel. We cannot dwell at any length upon the work there. Something of the kind of place and work we have recently given in our sketch of Mr. Lacroix. For many most interesting particulars of missionary labour, we must refer to the volume itself. He exercised himself in every kind of admirable activity, and as all our readers know, terminated his labours in England, something better than twelve months since. We could wish that this memoir had been a little condensed, but it has been a labour of love, and it is performed with great affection and with considerable interest. It is a very animating and useful book, and the story of the early days at Scarborough, and the missionary works at Calcutta, alike fasten themselves upon the reader's mind.

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